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MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE,

ENTITLED

THE PEARL OF ORR'S ISLAND;

A STORY OF THE COAST OF MAINE.

This work, now in course of preparation, will be published in successive chapters in the weekly issues of *The Independent*, beginning with the first week of the New Year. Being secured by copyright, it will appear exclusively in this paper. What more attractive feature can our readers desire for the beginning of a new volume of *The Independent*, than the charming entertainment of a new story by the Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin?"

NAPLES—1860.

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT C. WATERSTON OF BOSTON.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

[In introducing this beautiful poem to our readers, we take the liberty of mentioning, without the author's permission, that a lovely girl of seventeen, HELEN WATERSTON, daughter of Rev. Mr. Waterston of Boston, and granddaughter of the venerable Josiah Quincy, lies buried in the Protestant Cemetery at Naples. A verse of our poet's is on her tombstone:

"Fold her, O Father, in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and thee."

EDS. INDEPENDENT.]

I give thee joy!—I know to thee
The dearest spot on earth must be
Where sleeps thy loved one by the summer sea.

Where, near her sweetest poet's tomb
The land of Virgil gave thee room
To lay thy flower with her perpetual bloom.

I know that when the sky shut down
Behind thee on the gleaming town,
On Baiæ's baths and Posilippo's crown;

And, through thy tears, the mocking day
Burned Ischia's mountain lines away
And Capri melted in its sunny bay.

Through thy great farewell sorrow shot
The sharp pang of a bitter thought
That slaves must tread around that holy spot.

Thou knowest not the land was blest
In giving thy beloved rest,
Holding the fond hope closer to her breast.

That every sweet and saintly grave
Was freedom's prophecy, and gave
The pledge of Heaven to sanctify and save.

That pledge is answered. To thy ear
The unchained city sends its cheer
And, turned to joy, the muffled bells of fear

Ring Victor in. The land sits free
And happy by the summer sea,
And Bourbon Naples now is Italy!

She smiles above her broken chain
The languid smile that follows pain,
Stretching her cramp'd limbs to the sun again.

Oh, joy for all, who hear her call
From Camaldoli's convent wall
And Elmo's towers to freedom's carnival!

A new life breathes among her vines
And olives, like the breath of pines
Blown downward from the breezy Appenines.

Lean, oh my friend, to meet that breath.
Rejoice as one who witnesseth
Beauty from ashes rise and life from death!

Thy sorrow shall no more be pain,
Its tears shall fall in sunlit rain
Writing the grave with flowers: "Arisen again!"

"GETTING USED TO IT."

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

It was said by some heathen writer, that the gods made us a fearful present when they gave us the power of *becoming accustomed to things*—and like many sayings of heathens, this is worthy the consideration of Christians.

It is a fearful law of our nature by which our horror of what is most unnatural may by usage be changed first to indifference and then to approval.

An Italian refugee, who was an officer of the Inquisition, relates that it was a most common thing for newly appointed officers to faint and even to become seriously ill in consequence of the revolt of their nature from the horrors of "the question." The old hands, however, discussed the news of the day, took snuff, and dozed leisurely, while their victims gurgled and gasped by their side. When he complained to one of these that the horror of the thing disturbed his dreams and was undermining his health, he was tenderly answered—"*That*, my son, is *nature*—and nature is strong: you can only overcome it by fleeing to grace."

St. Augustine relates that among the gay young bloods of Rome during the time of his dissipated days there, was one who from native delicacy of fiber could not endure the gladiatorial shows of the Coliseum, and could never be induced to witness one. His young companions determined to cure him of being such a milksop, and so bound him hand and foot and carried him in, and held him down between them. At first he kept his eyes shut, but the mesmeric power of public sympathy prevailed; and before the exhibition was over, he was one of the most eager spectators, and after that one of the maddest attendants at those bloody tragedies, until he was stopped by the power of the Gospel.

The history of the Slavery question in America is a most fearful exhibition of the power of *getting accustomed* to things.

In 1818, the moral sense of the community was tolerably alive to its enormity, and the Presbyterian Church, North and South, united without dissent in condemning it in the most energetic language. So it was with every other Christian denomination. A voice in its favor was not to be heard North or South. Since then it has been up and discussed, and turned and twisted, and thrown backward and forward, and turned round and round, in every ecclesiastical body that met for any purpose—till, at last, with all of them the main effort seemed to be "How *not* to do it." The spirit of all of them seemed to be, "How little can we get on with saying and doing on this subject?" Some years they discussed nice points, whether it was a "malum in se;" at other times they thought it sufficient to reaffirm the resolution of 1800 and something—"that *might do*;" and if any year they got off and did nothing at all, *that* was cause for congratulation. Meanwhile, by the constant presentation of this subject, the sensibilities were getting *used* to it, and people often really forgot what they talked about. Whether it was right that four million people should live without legal marriage—without learning to read—without legal rights of any kind—without any protection in any relation of life except the will of an irresponsible despot—this was the question in hand, and right in the face of it the whole religious church in the Southern states went square on to the ground that this state of things was not merely permissible, but a Divine ordinance, and whosoever was found against it, was found fighting against God; and things not exactly amounting to this, but very like it, began creeping into Northern pulpits.

The effect of such discussions on such subjects, by professed Christian bodies, on the young and impressible, cannot be overstated. These cool considerations of a system of wholesale robbery and vice, protracted from year to year with so little interest, so little energy of opposition, deaden the moral sense of those young people who remain in the church, and make scoffers and unbelievers of those who revolt from it.

Religious bodies do not seem to have considered themselves as called to put their whole weight, front and foremost, against the evil, because they were religious bodies and had the honor of Christianity to support. They have mostly confined themselves to sly, lawyerlike discussion whether they might not on the whole be considered to have done enough.

Their position has all the while been so doubtful, that every year they have had to explain and labor and defend, and show that they did not in this or that meeting countenance piracy, kidnapping, and robbery—under which heads slavery and the slave-trade may be briefly summed. Now the very *opportunity of raising the question* from spring to fall, and fall to spring, as this, that, and the other religious body meets, whether it did or *did not* countenance slavery and the slave-trade, is a *demoralizing thing*.

What would the purity of the English Court be good for, if every paper that came out year after year was filled with explanations of suspicious circumstances and nice balancings of evidence to prove that the Queen of England was *not* an immoral woman?

The wife of Cæsar must not be *suspected*, said the proud old Roman—and if the wife of Cæsar ought not to be suspected, neither ought the bride of Christ.

THE LOST ONE FOUND.*

THE RESULT ATTAINED.

BY REV. STEPHEN H. TYNG, D.D.

I SAID in my last that our wanderer had reached the bottom. He has finished his experiment of earthly joy and folly, and we come to consider him in this new condition. There is no deeper depth of moral ruin on the earth, than that which he has reached. And there we now contemplate him—solitary, to a degree at rest—surveying the varied elements of the new condition in which he finds himself—striving to imagine some new method of gratification or gain, or some method of escape from difficulties and dangers, the reality of which he has no power to deny. A shipwrecked mariner upon a strange and unknown shore;—every past possession gone with the past;—nothing remaining of all that he has had and seen, but a memory which cannot die, and a consciousness of being and its responsibility which outlives all outward changes, and compels the constant effort for some new plans. It is the beginning of a new experiment—of another life, it may perhaps be a better one. At any rate, the old is gone,—hateful and hated,—and vain are all artificial attempts to galvanize it into new being and activity in the same line. The man may give up in absolute despair, and simply resolve to do nothing for recovery or amendment, but reap the miserable fruits he has sown; and with his mouth and heart full of cursing and bitterness, gloomily take the results which he has invoked, and which are now inevitable. But he can go no further in his past line of experiment. He is, and he really feels himself to be, if there be truth in the Bible, or in the human conscience,—neither of which he can deny,—A LOST MAN. He can remain so,—or he can strive for some method of recovery. But his final RESULT is attained, in the line of his past career. And so far as any wisdom or power of his own may be concerned, he feels that he has "seen an end of all perfection," and is a doomed and ruined man. Not a view can he take in solitude of his own condition, or of his attainments, but he has the sensation of horror, of dismay,—like one awaking in a charnel-house of dead men's bones and all uncleanness. "For pleasure, he has given his soul." And that sacrificed and despised soul will vindicate its own majesty and immortality, by reproaches and piercings of anguish, which pleasure can no longer delude, nor fortitude prove able to bear.

But our view is not of the man finally doomed and lost;—we speak of the "lost one found." And having traced him to this valley of darkness and self-reproach, we now attend and watch with delight the attractive process of his recovery. His present position is one of consideration, of retrospection, of conviction. The first gleam of light in his state and prospect is in the fact of this quiet survey. He stops, he thinks, he reflects, he sees, he cannot deny the facts he sees, his conclusions are sorrow and distress. It is a new condition, but it is a real one. "When he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land." While his means of self-indulgence remained, and his pleasure could be found in self-indulgence, whatever wants others might have, the pressure of the famine had not reached him. But now that his all is gone, he must meet this new condition as a fact to be resolved and provided for.

All that the world can give to man, of joy and gratification, is for him whose substance has not been wasted. As a material world, as a scene of Divine government, as a sphere of personal duty and enjoyment, to the child of God it is a happy world,—a *cosmos* of perfect order and beautiful arrangement,—both good and beautiful, as the one Greek adjective would describe it. His substance is in his possession, and he gains with it continual and successive delights. He has a thousand pleasures here, which are real and lasting. The goodness of God shines daily around him. The voice of joy is in his habitation. The songs of praise fill his tabernacle. His mind, affections, and habits find and renew for him unceasing delights. "The meek shall inherit the earth." All that he sees, has, or enjoys, a Father's hand has made, and made for him.

This is a fact we should never forget. The way to use the world to advantage, is not to abuse it. I have no sympathy with gloomy views of earth or human life. Indeed, I have but little respect for the language which describes them. They seem to me too often to be the mere language of habit, or cant, or pretense. The world is made a vale of tears to those only who choose to make it so. Sin destroyeth much good,—and an ungrateful and gloomy spirit may extract poison from the fairest flowers and the most luscious fruits which the Divine bounty has provided.

For more than threescore years, this world has yielded me a happy, cheerful home and passage. I look back upon all its scenes and relations with the deep and ineradicable feeling, that entirely apart from the Divine bounty which has bestowed the gifts, and the mercy to unrighteousness which has so long maintained them,—in my mere relations to my fellowmen, I am a debtor to all. What sympathy, kindness, generous co-operation and support, and continued acts and expressions of tenderness and liberality, have attended my whole experience of earthly relations! Life seems a favored, happy scene, in its retrospect. And could I believe that I had returned to my race a tithe of all the benefits which my fellowmen have bestowed upon me, I should feel grateful and happy indeed. The world is no place of famine to a thankful heart. How beautifully David says, "I have been young, and now am old;—yet saw I never the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread." A grateful heart is a continual feast. The shepherd of Salisbury Plain said of the weather of tomorrow, "It will be just what pleases me; for whatever pleases my Heavenly Father, pleases me." I would learn yet more of that Divine philosophy.

Even for the wanderer of whom we speak, while his powers of enjoyment and his means of indulgence last, the world in which he has run his mad career presents him objects of delight. While his precious substance that he carried out with him remains, he finds everything beautiful in its time. But when he can buy no more, the world which he has abused has nothing to give. Then there *arises* a mighty famine in that land. It was as the garden of Eden before him; it is a desolate wilderness behind. How deep is the gloom which surrounds him! He has wasted his powers in vice, and his property in gratification. There is now no joy or pleasure left for him. Wretched in himself, everything is seen by him through a distorted medium. He now takes up the cant about a cold, unfeeling world. He realizes and displays the moral of the grasshopper and the ant. His summer has been wasted in folly, and his winter closes upon him with cheerless gloom. His "sun has gone down while it was yet day." He has nothing, and the world can give him nothing. His state is misery within. His condition is misery without. No memory of a life of usefulness to others, of beneficence to man, cheers him within. No man stands before him a debtor to him. "The days of his youth" come to mind; but he cannot welcome their approach, and salute them with the appeal, "When the ear heard me it blessed me: and when the eye saw me it gave witness to me; because I delivered the fatherless, and him that had none to help him;—the blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy." Could he thus reflect, there would be no famine in the land for him. He might then add with the same noble sufferer, "My root was spread out by the waters, and the dew lay all night upon my branch; my glory was fresh in me, and my bow was renewed in my hand."

But for every wasteful wanderer from God a famine is sure to arise in the land. And it is "a mighty famine;" a wide-spread famine. It touches every spring and source of human supply. It becomes useless to run to other broken cisterns. They hold no water. All are equally vain. There is nothing in the world for a sick and suffering soul. Sin has spread its poison upon every object, and scattered its bitterness through every relation in life. That man has no hope who is without God in the world. And, apart now from all immediate and distinct convictions of guilt and danger, the work of the Holy Spirit upon the conscience—the world itself, in its relations to man, yields him only bitterness and distress. It is a lasting famine. The sinful man can look for no change to his advantage in these outward things. He is now contending with another power than any mere material one. An Infinite antagonist has entered the arena with him, and will send a curse upon his blessings, that man may see and feel how evil and bitter a thing it is to depart from the Living God. The man's own character and life can furnish him no relief. God has been forsaken, and, as a visible or manifested helper, is now afar off. And man can give no ransom for his brother. The redemption which he needs is precious, and from all earthly sources it ceaseth for ever. The whole aspect of the world in which the sinner has dwelt, and which, in his folly, he has so grossly abused, is now for him an abode of universal, abiding want and sorrow. A mighty famine has arisen in the land. Its fruitful places are a wilderness. The earth mourns, and the heavens above seem black and desolate. This is the result now consciously attained;—a ruin in itself hopeless, and by earthly power beyond a remedy. S. H. T.

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by J. H. Richards, in the Clerk's Office of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

WHERE ARE THE NINE?

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

RUNNING our eye lately over the catalogue of the College of N——, we observed that out of a class of seventy students, only seven had entered the pastoral office. Just *one-tenth* of a band of young men not undistinguished by native gifts and literary acquirements! Our Savior's question after healing the ten lepers occurred to us—"*Where are the nine?*"

This set us to thinking of the vast amount of cultivated intellect within the pale of God's church—the immense number of men gifted with practical gifts, and with the richest gift of all, a regenerated heart. They have been brought, like the healed lepers, under the deepest obligations to the Savior. An opportunity has been afforded them of doing what angels would delight to do. They have had the opportunity of sanctifying unto their Redeemer's cause their intellect, their social power, and their attainments. Christ asked the consecration. A dying world was in sore need of it. Gratitude for the most priceless of all benefits required it. But "where are the nine?" Where are the vast majority of those to whom God has granted the most enviable opportunities for glorifying him, in the ten thousand open paths of direct spiritual labor? Are there not learning and talent enough which belong to the church, but are employed in secular pursuits, to furnish a *pulpit force* such as the salvation of the world tarries for? And shall the blood-ransomed church send such a mighty contribution annually to the marts of traffic, to the bar, to the halls of art, science, and legislation, while the vineyard of the Master lieth waste, and the gates of hell are thronged by the incrowding hosts of lost souls?

As we turn away from the sad sight of so much secularized learning and power within Christ's churches, and see here and there *one*—one, too, from whom we had expected the least—one who has struggled up through penury and self-denial to the post of duty, and is humbly devoting all that he possesses to the work of proclaiming the glorious Gospel, we are ready to say with the Master, "Were there not ten cleansed, but where are the *nine*, that no one has returned to glorify God save this Samaritan?"

The pulpit ought to have the very choicest of our households, the best heads and the best hearts in the nation. But there are other modes of honoring our heavenly Benefactor besides the consecration of intellectual gifts to his service. Christ intrusts to one healed leper splendid mental capacities. To another he gives a large estate; to another a smaller one. He commissions one Christian merchant to render the return to him of a marble store and "ten thousand a year;" from his neighbor, he only expects the "one talent" of a small mechanic's shop. He makes them all stewards, and bids them use their investments for his glory. He sits beside his treasury and waits for them to offer their gifts. For many of them he waits long, but alas! he waits in vain. They are away at their gold-digging, busied with putting the rental on God's estates (that they are only stewards for) into their own coffers. When he has waited long for the subjects of his converting grace to come back and manifest their gratitude in something more than empty words, a poor and obscure saint cometh with her two mites and of her penury casts in all her living. Blessed Master! does not that sorrowing face of thine say as palpably as words could utter it—"Were there not ten cleansed; but where are the nine, that no one returns with their alms save this Samaritan?"

In a thousand ways this melancholy ingratitude of redeemed Christians rises before us to amaze and to dishearten. Some benevolent enterprise is undertaken. Perhaps it is a mission-school. Here is room for the warmest hearts and the acutest intellects to *make truth simple* to the unlettered poor. To the rich and the poor, the high and the humble, comes the imperative call, "The Lord hath need of thee in that mission-school." The merchant says, "There is a fine field for the young men in our store," and quietly goes to sleep on his sofa after his luxurious Sunday dinner. The pious lawyer quite resents the idea that *he*, the distinguished forensic orator, should be wasting his precious breath on a regiment of ragged urchins. "I guess my clerk is the man for that," he whispers to himself, when his pastor has concluded an earnest plea for "more teachers in that interesting young mission-school." And so it goes. Those that have time, wealth, leisure, and culture leave the school to be manned by overworked mechanics, clerks, and needle-women. The school thrives. But it would have thriven all the better; and the indolent professors would have been five-fold more thrifty if they had brought the product of purse and brain to the Lord's nursery for his poor. Through the mansions of the rich and the strong should the question be thundered, *Where are the nine?*

There is a convocation called every month in nearly every church to pray for the conversion of the world. It ought to be one of the most animated and spirited of all religious gatherings. The traveled and the cultivated should rejoice to bring their stores of information to contribute to its interest. Every one—old and young, high and low—who has tasted of the joys of conversion, should gladly press in to beseech the same mercy to the millions of spiritual lepers in heathen lands. Their sense of gratitude is appealed to. Jesus tells them how they may glorify him as well as bring relief to their perishing fellow-men. We go to the "concert of prayer," trusting to meet the whole company of restored and rejoicing "lepers" at the Savior's feet pouring out their thanks and their gift. Looking about that dreary, cheerless house of prayer with its scanty handful of supplicants, can we help asking, with mournfulness of spirit, "Were there not a whole church cleansed here? *where are the nine?*" How long will it be, beloved brethren, ere the millennial glory will dawn upon a church slumbering beside its overfilled coffers, while its missionary altar is deserted? When the world's Christianity is all thoroughly Christianized, its heathenism will not long remain heathenish. T. L. C.

HAS AN AMERICAN CITIZEN A RIGHT TO LOVE LIBERTY?

BY HORACE GREELEY.

THIS is the great and grave question that underlies our current politics. As it is decided, it is powerfully intimated, the Union will stand or fall. It behooves us, then, to look the whole matter squarely in the face, and decide, each for himself, what Principle and Conscience require him to do with reference to the various schemes af compromise and conciliation which have been and will be presented.

All men love Liberty—for themselves. No human being gifted with ordinary human faculties ever imagined that enslavement would be good for him. Hence few or none ever supposed or contended that Slavery is or would be a desirable condition for their own children, kindred, lineage, or race. There is no merit in claiming and upholding Freedom as the birthright and true condition of ourselves and those whom we esteem our brethren, our equals; for it is morally impossible that any should do otherwise.

But with regard to others, who have but a slender hold on our sympathies, and whom we regard as our inferiors in capacity and merit, the case is radically different. Some hold these to be equally entitled with themselves to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,"—regarding their relative weakness rather as appealing to our generosity and love of justice than as proffering us opportunity to exalt or aggrandize ourselves at their expense; while others regard the weak as the natural prey of the strong—their conveniences, their servitors, their hewers of wood and drawers of water—the natural ministrants to their indolence, toys of their lust, and tools of their ambition.

The question more immediately pressing on the American People is not, "Which of these views is right?" but, "Have those who hold the former any right to avow and act on their conviction? Admit that men do and must differ as to the rightfulness of slaveholding, have its contenners an equal right with its champions to act as they think and vote as they feel?"

Every authentic utterance of Pro-Slavery sentiment quietly assumes as indubitable the impertinence and bad faith of Anti-Slavery action in the Free States. Governors' and even Presidents' Messages, Yancey harangues, Southern speeches in Congress, hold up the fact that the North openly condemns Slavery and resists its extension, as the master grievance of the South. Mr. Lincoln is repudiated as President-elect by the Cotton States, not from apprehension as to what he will do, but from repugnance to what he is. The unpardonable offense of the North in his election is her conviction therein embodied that Slavery is essentially, radically wrong. It were easy to quote from Gov. Gist of South Carolina, Gov. Brown of Georgia, Senator Toombs, Senator Hammond, etc., etc., in proof of this averment, but it cannot be necessary. Look over a dozen Southern diatribes against the North for her alleged delinquency in the matter of returning fugitive Slaves, and you must be struck by the uniformity of their assumption that the North regards Slavery as unjust and pernicious, when she has no business to hold any such opinion of it.

Before we can determine, then, whether a conciliation of the North and the South is practicable, we must understand whether the South does or does not concede to the North the right to regard Slavery as wrong. No party in the Free States deems it a ground of Secession that the Slave States seek to extend Slavery: we do not question the sincerity of the Southern profession—novel though it be—that Slavery is the natural condition of the Negro and a blessing alike to White and Black; nobody is amazed or indignant that the South should act in consistency with that profession: we only demand that we, too, shall be allowed to have convictions, and to act as those convictions require.

We of the Free States framed our Platform, nominated our candidates, and went to the People on the issue thus made up. We were united and successful; our adversaries were distracted and beaten. Hence they say, "You succeeded through our divisions." What if we did? It was not our business to harmonize them. Nor is it certain that we should have been beaten had they been united. In 1856, we carried the State of New York for Fremont by 80,000 plurality, but the separate vote for Buchanan and for Fillmore would, if combined, have beaten ours by 44,000. This year, all the anti-Republican factions "fused" against Lincoln, yet they were beaten nearly 50,000. Nearly or quite every Free State but New Jersey, Oregon, and California, have given Lincoln a clear majority over all the adverse votes combined; and the States that have thus voted choose one hundred and sixty-nine Electors, leaving but one hundred and thirty-four for all others. With what assurance, then, can it be urged that Mr. Lincoln owes his election to the distractions of his adversaries?

But suppose he does—what of it? Had he received but a fourth of the Popular Vote and yet been elected, that fact would only have rendered the treasonable antics of the Cotton States by so much the less excusable: for they are based on an assumption that the North is unfaithful to her Constitutional obligations, whereof Lincoln's election is the proof; but if Lincoln's election was not really effected by Northern "fanaticism" but by Southern fatuity and factiousness, what becomes of the chief pretext for Secession?

—Mr. Senator Crittenden, one of the oldest, ablest, and most moderate of the representatives of the Slave States in Congress—one who, because of his moderation, has been superseded by the Legislature of his State, who have chosen Vice-President Breckinridge to replace him—has devised a scheme of compromise which he hopes to make acceptable to all parties. Its outline is as follows:

"First, the extension of the Missouri line to the Pacific by an amendment to the Constitution. Second, no abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, or in forts, arsenals, and dockyards of the United States in the Southern States. Third, whatever additional legislation may be needed for the better enforcement of laws against the African slave-trade. Fourth, modifications of the Fugitive-Slave Law, removing the obnoxious features offensive to Northern sensibility, with a clause providing that, in case of a forcible rescue, the county where it happens shall be liable for the value of the slave. Fifth, repeal all State laws subversive of the Constitution or laws of the United States."

Mr. Crittenden has seen nearly half a century of public service, and has ever evinced a courtesy and consideration for the opinions of others which entitle him to our profound respect. Yet it is impossible not to see that the essence of the above is skillful evasion rather than practical solution of the problems now convulsing the country. The extension of the Missouri line to the Pacific would surrender to Slavery the greater portion of New Mexico, with all of Arizona and a good part of Utah—an arid, generally sterile region, but rich in mineral wealth now on the point of extensive and profitable development. It would virtually say to the Sir George Bickleys and Gen. Henningsens of the South, "Make haste to clutch Mexico and Central America, since all you can seize in that quarter has been solemnly consecrated to Slavery." It would stimulate and intensify the slaveholding lust of acquisition with regard to Cuba, and cause it to expand so as to include Hayti and other fertile islands. In short, it would be a surrender of the Future of our Republic to the Slavery-Extensionists, and a proclamation that all future acquisitions of territory were their foreordained and lawful prey.

Mr. Crittenden's other propositions are of subordinate importance, but their prevalent tendency is the same. They all rest upon a quiet assumption that the Free States have no right to regard Slavery as a wrong in which they may lawfully decline to implicate themselves. They all tend to make the preservation of Slavery a National obligation if not a National interest: they will utterly fail to satisfy the rampant Secessionists; they cannot be acceptable to earnest Republicans. They are foredoomed to failure, either through non-acceptance by Congress or through their essential incapacity to compose the differences which they seem to regard as factitious and casual rather than as the necessary result of radically diverse convictions—of irrepressibly antagonistic sentiments and purposes. H. G.

FROM OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 10, 1860.

THERE has been less bluster and bravado indulged in by the Southern representatives in Congress than was expected, so far. Very little of menace and dark innuendo—and much that is kind and pleasant—between the Northern and Southern members. Never before such personal cordiality—and never before such quiet determination. What does this state of things indicate? Is it no longer the cry of "wolf, wolf," but the wolf itself at our doors? Is it *real* disunion this time, and not the threat of it? So far as the cotton states are concerned, I believe this is true. *They* wish to leave the confederacy, and, having made up their mind to do so, have the wit to try to do so peacefully and in a good-natured frame of mind.

Furthermore: an explosion might have happened at any moment. Only by the most careful management has a bitter and passionate debate been prevented in both Houses. There is a strong disposition on both sides to avoid all irritating discussion, that the events of the future may be considered calmly and candidly. The House was saved from a scene on Thursday night, by a timely motion of adjournment made by Sen. Millson of Virginia. In the Senate the brief speeches of Wigfall, Iverson, and Clingman were sufficiently irritating to put cautious Senators on their guard; and in fifteen minutes after the body convened Thursday noon, it adjourned over till to-day. This fact shows the state of things here. There is among the majority a lurking fear of the future, both in Congress and out of it—an indefinable dread of what each day may bring forth.

The Senate debate, if it be proper to dignify the ranting language of Messrs. Clingman, Wigfall, and Iverson by that word, indicated two things. First, that the seceding states deprecate a collision with the Government; and second, that they, in the midst of all their dangers, cannot lay off that violence of language which heretofore has characterized their speeches in Congress, and which is natural to men bred to a modified form of civilization. The language of Senator Iverson was shocking; and the fact that he could make such a speech in the American Senate without a rebuke from the presiding officer, disgraces the body. When the passionate Georgian invoked the hand of the assassin to strike his old friend and brother Senator, Gov. Houston, dead, the shudder which ran over the Senate from gallery to gallery, was enough to crush any ordinary man down into his seat, but Iverson met it with a bold front. The sensation was tremendous, and if but one man had led off with a cry of shame, nothing could have prevented a fierce cry of condemnation from the gallery-crowd. Wigfall was a trifle more cautious, but was overflowing with self-conceit and impudence, as usual. He was frank enough to make some impotant admissions, however. He did not attempt to deny the right of the General Government to hang traitors if it could catch them. It was merely a matter of expediency. Neither did he deny the debt of Texas to the General Government. If this Government could reduce her to obedience and sell her public lands,—now the lands of the United States,—it was at liberty to do so. In other words, Texas defies the General Government,—or Wigfall does so for her,—declares she will not allow the Federal Government the use of its own property, and will fight sooner than submit—in other words, will exercise the right of revolution.

Doubtless the most of these seceding Senators are sincere. They really wish to leave the Confederacy. But the other slave states *do not*, and are using the secession movement to extort further concessions and compromises from the non-slaveholding states. One of the ablest of the slave-state politicians, and himself a slaveholder, said, within a week, to a prominent Republican Member of Congress, "I advise you not to yield an iota of principle. And let me tell you further, the moment the upper tier of slave states have got all the concessions possible out of you, they will demand that the seceding states be compelled back into the Union, or at least that the revenues be collected along the coast of the seceding states, as usual."

This is the aim of all the slave states besides those which raise cotton. They intend to scare the North into further submission to slavery, and then to invite the seceding states to come back again.

The appointment of the Compromise Committee in the House, to consider the condition of the country, has no signification whatever. The fact that Mr. Adams of Massachusetts was the first man to give a vote in favor of its formation, shows that it signifies no surrender of principle. The Committee itself can do nothing. It is divided already into at least four sections. First, of course, is the natural division by compromisers and anti-compromisers; and then Northern compromisers and Southern compromisers—each of the last-named classes aggreeing upon the necessity of a compromise, but differing widely as to the nature of the proposed conciliatory measure. The fact that Mr. Corwin is chairman of the Committee gives some uneasiness to the anti-slavery Republican members, for he is by nature a compromiser. But it is out of his power to frame a plan which will suit North and South alike, or which will be accepted by them. Such at least is the opinion of the truest men now here.

But, *there is danger ahead.* Let the people of the free states be warned in time. There is danger that Northern members of Congress will back down before the Political Panic, not many perhaps, but possibly enough to consummate the degradation of the free states. Let the people pour in their letters and petitions to their representatives in Congress beseeching and admonishing them to stand firm. Let every man who is weak-kneed be braced up by public opinion from home. If the merchants and manufacturers are ready to compromise, let the farmers and mechanics make it known that they will not be cheated for the sake of goods and traffic—that they will grind to powder the man who betrays them.

The subjoined conversation is not imaginary, but occurred here within a few days between two Republicans:

A. But I love the Union. I can't sleep nights for fear of its disruption. Secession of the cotton states is certain—and I would make any reasonable concession to save the Union.

B. Stand by your principles, whatever comes. That's the true way to save the Union.

A. Yes, that's true—but if a compromise could be effected which did not sacrifice principle, would not you vote for it?

B. Is there anything we *can* compromise but principle? No, sir! We must concede everything or nothing—in the very nature of the case.

A. There is a gloomy prospect before us. I tell you this Union must *not* be dissolved. We can none of us afford it. We ought to come to some fair understanding with the South, and prevent it.

A. You hug a delusion which will prove your destruction. Better by far a Republic of Freedom, if diminished in territory, than a Slave Despotism, though it covered the globe. Let me tell you plainly, my friend, that you idolize the Union too much. You value material greatness and prosperity more than you do religious and political liberty. In other words, sir, money is worth more in your estimation than righteousness, and in sacrificing the latter for the former you may lose both.

This was plain talk, but it was also *deserved*. You can judge from this conversation whether there are men in Congress who need watching or not. Undoubtedly, the great majority of the Republican Congressmen are firm as a rock. It would be wrong to even doubt their integrity. But in certain quarters there are indications of weakness, and they should instantly be attended to. No man will object to conciliation, to cautious speech, to any compromise even that leaves principle untouched, if such could be made; but woe to that Republican member of Congress who belies the great principle upon which his party won its late victory, and consents to any further guarantees or privileges for the slave power. I do not say this because I am afraid of such men, but because I may call them, I am reminded of a couplet of an English poet, substituting the name of Greeley for that of Foster;

"Let modest Greeley, if he will, excel
Your metropolitans in preaching well."

VERITAS.

NEW YEAR'S PRESENT.

WHAT more valuable present can be had for $6 50 than Webster's New Unabridged Pictorial Dictionary, containing over 1,500 beautiful engraved illustrations? Reader, you can have this book for ☞ NOTHING ☜ any time BEFORE New Year's by sending us the names of three new subscribers to *The Independent* for one year and $6. Don't delay a day, therefore, in sending us the names, as promptness will insure the receipt of the book by express in time to present it to your friend or—to yourself, as a New Year's gift.

SETTLEMENT IN MISSOURI.—A wealthy Company, we are informed, have invested $100,000 in an excellent tract of land in Missouri, on the line of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, forty-five miles east of the latter city, and have laid out a town named Kidder, where they have built a hotel and other buildings convenient. A Congregational minister is secured, who will soon be on the ground to organize a church; and they will set up schools and other appendages of Christian society. The agent of the company is George S. Harris, Esq., of Boston. This is an excellent method of establishing organized settlements in new country, and Missouri presents admirable openings for any number of such enterprises.

THE PANIC.—We have probably some ten thousand readers in Brooklyn who are now replenishing their wardrobe with "new goods at panic prices." To all such we would say that Horton & Sons, No. 279 Fulton street, are offering extraordinary inducements. From a personal examination and knowledge of the facts, we can say that included in their immense stock is a *great display of dress goods*, which they offer at ret

Sermons
BY
Henry Ward Beecher.*

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by J. H. Richards, in the Clerk's Office of the United States for the Southern District of New York.]

"When Jesus came into the coasts of Cæsarea Philippi, he asked his disciples, saying, Whom do men say that I the Son of man am? And they said, Some say that thou art John the Baptist; some, Elias; and others, Jeremias, or one of the prophets. He saith unto them, But whom say ye that I am? And Simon Peter answered and said, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God. And Jesus answered and said unto him, Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona; for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven. And I say also unto thee, That thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven. Then charged he his disciples that they should tell no man that he was Jesus the Christ."—Matt. xvi. 13-20.

From this passage there grew up in the church a claim of authority and of power which substantially clothed the priest with the functions of God. The reach and the power of such a claim acquiesced in, as was made by the church in early days, are inconceivable to us. If it be true that Peter, and the successors of Peter, received from the hand of God the keys of heaven, that they might open the door to whom they pleased, and shut it upon whom they pleased, and that God ratified their decisions and their judgments, then the consciences of all men were under their power. They became the rulers of men. No matter who were the kings, or who were the teachers, the priest became the universal potentate. For he who takes hold of the human mind by the top, manages it to the bottom; and he that has spiritual authority, which is real authority, has authority all the way through, since as the greater includes the less, so the moral nature includes the affectional and the secular. Such a claim as this put forth by the church in behalf of her ministry, brought the noblest natures of the world completely into the power of the priesthood. Men trembled, confessed, and obeyed, as in the presence of God himself, when in the presence of the hierarchy. Then, at length, came, through the abuse of office, dissent—the silent but growing conviction of the falsity of the claim. Then, at last, the protest and the controversy.

Let any one go down to the sea-side, in a summer evening, the wide water lying tranquil and level, and with but faint ripples chucking in upon the sand, and how impossible for him there, in the exquisite serenity of that scene, to imagine what, but two or three nights before, was the terror of that storm which rocked the ocean to the very bottom, and thundered its waves upon the shattered shore! And so no man now can conceive what were the battles, and ragings, and discussions, which have taken place on this subject of *the keys*, as it is technically called. It came up before we were born, and it is beyond the ken of our personal knowledge. The intense earnestness of men on both sides we can scarcely credit now. For a time this was the battle-ground between formal and real religion, not only, but between personal liberty and personal bondage. On this very doctrine turned the question whether a man should be priest-ridden, or God's free man. Monks, therefore, pondered it; cloistered scholars studied it; synods decreed about it; schools were inflamed with raging zeal concerning it. Of course such a spirit would exhibit itself in endless books. You could almost call a library of books written on this simple subject. And besides, the books, sections, and chapters of innumerable others were laboriously devoted to this topic.

If one now looks back into these writings, and perceives how the very words seem to have been entities, not symbols, and how the *keys*, the *keys*, the *keys*, were echoed and re-echoed all through the scholastic and religious world, till one might believe that there was in the church a thing called "keys," like the famous ægis of Minerva, fallen down to men from heaven, and religiously preserved and reverenced,—if one looks back and perceives this, he can scarcely credit such a thing to have been. But all that is over. It never will be again. The world does not go through old stubble-fields to reap. In part, doubtless, by discussion, this matter has been settled. But even more, because of the growth of a new influence among men. We do not yet understand that the arbiter of some of the most weighty discussions in this world is neither synod nor thinker, and that God arrays them before tribunals the most despised, the least thought of, and the most efficacious, often. The rising liberty of the common people it was that put an end to this discussion, and compelled men to change their interpretations of the Bible. For, do you know that the inside of the Bible has been subject to the outside, ever since it has been a record? Where there is a truth that has its appropriate sphere in this world, and the Bible speaks of it, men may interpret the scripture as they please. They that study the truth, as God made it, outside of the Bible—they are conditioned to study it aright.

There was a theory about the stars, and their motions; and when men began to study them as they were in Nature, the Bible was held up to contradict the new theory which they evolved, astronomy was attempted to be suppressed, and they were persecuted because they did not take the Bible as their authority on the subject. And what was the result? Simply this: that God, working outside of the Bible, drove these Biblical commentators out of it, and others made it conform to the outward fact.

So there have been great discussions as respects creative days, and formations of the earth; and Genesis again was walked right into the battle, and old interpreters held that geologists must see according to the theory of the Scriptures. But they did not, and would not. On the contrary, they went, and looked, and saw things as they were; and these old interpreters were driven out of the Bible like chaff before the wind, and the Bible was interpreted to conform to the outward reality.

And in questions of civil government there was a theory drawn from the Bible; but at last when the thing itself was established as exterior truth, interpreters had to be found that would conform it to the external fact.

Once the Bible was held to be a great charter of monarchy, and there was scarcely a teacher or interpreter anywhere that did not say "*Jure Divino monarchy.*" But where will you find a man now, north of Mason's and Dixon's line, that believes it to be a charter of oppression, or of the absolute right of man over man?

And what has changed these theories? Not the exegetical study of texts, but the silent growth of a power outside of the Bible—the development, in the Providence of God, of intelligence and moral purity, and so of liberty and power, among the common people.

While power was separated from the common people, and given to and kept by the orders of superior men, as they were supposed to be, there was of course debate among them, as to who should have the power, and how it should be used. But the education of the popular mind developed a real popular power; and each individual man began to feel his strength, and to stand upon his rights. When men began to feel that they were not bound to be controlled by priestly edicts; that they need not ask the priests how to worship; that they needed no mediator between themselves and Jesus Christ; that all ordinances and ceremonies, while they might be of some service when they put them under their feet as a path to walk upon, yet when they were put over their head as thrones and dominions, were to be eschewed—when men began to feel that God spoke to them, not through church or priest, but by the Holy Ghost—when that spirit began to prevail, and communities and individual men began to feel it, and the common people began to be emancipated—then priests could not any longer hold the keys. Every man had a key that had God and Christ. And so the controversy was quashed. It was not texts that killed it: it was the development of the common people.

This simple fact has revolutionized the interpretation of the Bible on civil government, as I have said; it has put an end to all arbitrary claims of priestly orders to absolute authority over the conscience; it has already gone far toward reversing the notions that have hitherto been entertained of woman's nature, and place, and rights of development; and in the end it will utterly destroy those barbaric notions which linger under a Christian garb among us. The growth of life itself is the best discussion of all these truths. The thing in its living form in human life is the arbiter of all these questions of right and wrong in authority.

There are few who consider how vast a power for the settlement of disputes this has been—namely, the growth of diffused intelligence and power among the people. And even among those who are seeking to promote that very intelligence and power, there are few, I think, that have any conception of the inevitable changes which it will yet work in men's opinions and convictions on many things yet scarcely disturbed by a doubt, or mooted by discussion. Things hereafter will be tried by the lower court of the eminent few, of the learned, of men of class-power; but they will go by appeal from their decisions before the court of final jurisdiction—namely, a Christian people. That is a full court, and from their decisions, when fully made, there will be no appeal.

But it is a matter of great interest to survey the elements of this great conflict. Men go about among the ruins of Athens; they stop and meditate under this shattered arch; they think deeply by the side of this group of columns—the few that remain of the many that were once to be seen; they linger long around the ruin-clad head of the Acropolis; and they wander along the walled-way to the Piræus. And so do we wander among these simple phrases of our text, around which, for two hundred years, raged the battle of the noblest minds on earth.

Let us then, read, and see what is the substance of these things.

The claim of the church was that Christ committed to Peter, and all his successors, the keys of truth or doctrine, and the keys of discipline; that, by virtue of this Divine gift, Peter and his successors in office had the right of final judgment in matters of conscience; and that they could bind men, or unloose men, according to their sovereign will.

What is the real history, and what is the real meaning of the words of this passage? The disciples that had consorted with Christ up to this time, you all know, were very ignorant of his real, inward, deeper nature. They thought, at the first, probably, that he was but an influential messenger. I suppose that for the first year or two, or three, they thought him to be but little more than a superior man—a *reformer*, we should say. This knowledge of Christ was subject, of course, to development. The disciples were more and more enlightened. They were coming nearer and nearer to an insight and a conception of his Divine nature.

On one occasion, while going toward Cæsarea Philippi, Christ asked them what was the impression of men throughout the community respecting him. Their answers were curious. It seems that some thought he was John the Baptist, who had been beheaded, come back to life. Some thought he was the old prophet Elias. And as there were a great many legends in respect to Jeremiah, which represented that he was to return with power and authority, some thought the coming of Christ was the fulfillment of those legends. And others thought he was some one of the prophets, though they did not know which one. There was this vague, unsettled conception of Christ among men. He then turns to the disciples, and says, "Whom say ye that I am?"

Now, at that moment, Peter seems to have been seized, in part by a Divine influence, and in part by the growth of that knowledge in his own mind which only required some occasion of this kind to blossom out, and take its full development. At any rate, by the growth of his own moral conceptions, and by the inspiration of God's spirit, Peter seems first to have broken through all those conceptions that had lingered in the minds of the disciples, and beclouded them, and to have come into a personal and vital sympathy with Christ, as the Son of the living God. He says, "Thou art the Christ—the anointed—the Son of the living God." That had never been said before. It had not entered into the heart of any man to conceive it before. It was the first recognition of Christ as being God's personification and exemplification in this world; and he stood, then, by the testimony of a man, disclosed for the first time as being the Son of the living God, and not a mere man.

This was a thing of immense significance. His disciples were then just coming to the secret life of Christ. They were then just beginning to touch in real sympathy his heart. It was on this occasion that the Savior spoke to Peter, and said, "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona, for flesh and blood,"—that is human wisdom; for that is the technical term for men,—"flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven." This is an inspired conviction. You have touched a truth into which you have been helped by the power of God. And it was upon this development that Christ pronounced the blessing, saying to this disciple, "I say also unto thee, that thou art Peter"—his name, you know (Peter—Petros) meant rock—"and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." The expression *gates of hell* means hell—*hades*. That term is yet preserved. The Ottoman Porte is the name of the Turkish Empire. The meaning of it is *the Ottoman Gates*. In the East gates are made to signify the whole of that to which they open. And Christ says, "On this rock I will build my church, and the opposite building—hell—shall not be able to prevail against it." Here are two warlike structures, one arrayed against the other; and Christ declares, "The evil shall not prevail."

The rock was undoubtedly Peter; but not Simon. That is, it was not the old nature, ignorant, human, but the new, spiritually enlightened Peter. Peter, as the symbol of this truth of Christ, is here spoken of. In that moment, in the possession of that truth, in that feeling, Christ says to him, "Blessed art thou. This state of mind which you are in, and this view of truth which you have, are of God. Now upon you I will build the church—I will take you for the beginning of it." Peter was the beginning of the church of Christ. He was the first man on earth that had had that sense of Christ's relation to God, and to the world. He was the first stone laid; he was the foundation—in this sense: that before there had been no stone laid in the Christian dispensation on that truth. He was the foremost man in the disciple band, not only as long as Christ was on earth, but afterwards—as long as they dwelt in Judea. Later, Paul was called into the Gentile world, and he held the same place there that Peter did in the Jewish. But in every sense, so far as the foundations were laid, Peter was the foremost man. I take it that Christ made that declaration not to be explained away, but that the church was built on Peter. He was from the beginning the foundation of the church, that blossomed on the primitive disciples and early apostles.

Having advanced this figure of a city builded upon some acropolis, some inexpugnable rock-summit, Christ carries it on by speaking of the keys by which the doors are to be opened or shut. That which is spoken to Peter, here, is, in the eighteenth verse of the eighteenth chapter of Matthew, and in the twenty-third verse of the twentieth chapter of John, spoken to all the disciples just alike. What was it then? Why this: by these enlightened truths which they began to see in Christ the Son of the living God, they were to open the gates to the righteous and shut them upon the wicked. There was here a development of moral sense and of moral truth which was to be the authoritative element of judgment. By the power of these truths now disclosed to them, by the influence of these truths placed in their hands to be carried forth and preached to the world—by them, as by keys, they were to open heaven to men. They were through these moral revelations to introduce a new element of judgment in the world; and thereafter men were to stand or fall, rise or be degraded, by their conformity or nonconformity to these new truths in Christ Jesus. And it was to be literally true that in a certain sense they were to be keys, and were to open or shut the kingdom of God to men. Whenever in the light of Christ's truth, and in the right spirit, they passed judgment upon anything, it was a judgment that was to supersede all others. It was so then: it is so now. It was so in Peter: it is so in every Petrine man. The moral judgments that we form in those moments when we are luminous in our nobler nature, are Divine judgments. They are nearer absolute truth than any others that men can form.

Now it is incredible and monstrous to suppose that Christ pledged himself, and pledged his Father God, to corroborate and ratify all the judgments that any earthly church might please to make. This has been the belief of ages; and yet, the very context shows that it was not to Peter in every sense, but to Peter illuminated—not to Peter in his whole personality as a secular man, but to Peter in that moment which was characterized by this experience by which his soul broke into the sphere of the soul of Christ—not to Peter in his natural condition, but to Peter in a superior state of mind—that Christ spoke. For the very next verses after the last passage in the text reveal the following history:

"From that time forth began Jesus to show his disciples how he must go unto Jerusalem, and suffer many things of the elders, and chief priests, and scribes, and be killed, and be raised up again the third day. Then Peter took him and began to rebuke him, saying, Be it far from thee, Lord: this shall not be unto thee. But he turned and said unto Peter, Get thee behind me, Satan; thou art an offense unto me; for thou savorest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men."

What is the history, then, put together? When Peter rose up into the higher realms of moral illumination, and stood looking upon Christ as the Son of the living God, and then pronounced a judgment, Christ says, "Now I commit to you, in this spirit, the keys of the church." But when he falls back into his secular nature, and then looks at Christ in the light of that nature, Christ says, "You are a Satan; get behind me." It was not Peter in a low state of mind, but Peter in an illuminated state of mind, to whom Christ spoke, when he said, "I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven." Guarding that text like a bank or dike, we have this experience recorded in which Christ condemned Peter just as contemptuously as he had honorably advanced him before; showing that it was not to Peter except in the spirit in which he was at that particular time, that our Savior spoke.

The living truth of Christ, then, in the soul, makes men discerning. It made the disciples so; and the judgments which they pronounced under such an influence, were, of course, a reflex of God's judgment. The same effect will follow in the case of every human heart, made luminous by the spirit of Jesus Christ, and made authoritative by virtue of moral purity and integrity.

The promise, then, was to Peter, representing a truth; or rather, *the truth as it is in Jesus*. It belongs to every one who in a like condition uses that truth for the searching out of error and for the teaching of truth with authority. It belongs to churches just in so far as they know the mind and will of Christ, and represent it in their moral state. The keys of doctrine and discipline belong to every church that can use them aright; but to any church that cannot so use them they do not belong, of course. They belong to the spirit, and not to the organization. To whomsoever they belong, they belong not by virtue of any order; not by virtue of any ordinance; not by virtue of any succession from the apostles; not by virtue of any government. By virtue of Christ's truth in the individual members of the church, the judgments of the church may be binding. They are binding in the proportion in which they possess that truth, and only in that proportion. For the moment any church, however catholic it may be, however it may be ordered, however august it may be, and whatever may be its constituent members, pronounces a judgment at variance with the mind and will of God, Christ says to it, as he said to Peter, "Get thee behind me, Satan: thou art an offense unto me." It is not in the church, but in the spirit, that these keys of authority reside. And, furthermore, whoever has that spirit carries the authority, however humble he may be,—but whoever is without it cannot carry the authority, however august he may be. This is the democracy of spirituality.

With these explanations, I leave the comment of the text, and proceed to make a few applications.

I. It is no mean prerogative; it is past all estimation, indeed, for honor and for dignity, to have the power to open heaven to any soul. If God were to give you the power to go forth, and touching the earth, to open its fruitful bosom, so that wherever you pressed your hand or your foot, out there should pour treasures of grain and treasures of fruit; if God were to give you that power which in ages gone by was attributed to Ceres, when it was supposed that she came to earth and taught men the arts of agriculture, what a power that would be! If God had given you power to touch the hidden treasures of metal; to know where iron lies buried; to know where all the veins of gold and silver are; to open up all the treasures beneath the surface of the earth, men would have supposed that that was a great and sovereign endowment—and it would have been great and sovereign, in a lower sphere. But how much more noble is it that God has given men the power to develop, not gold and silver that perish, but riches that never fade, that moth and rust never corrupt, and that thieves do not break through to steal—eternal treasures—the immortal spirits of men! But this is the case. God has given authority to every man that lives in the higher realm of truth, to open the eternal realm to those around about him, as an inspired apostle. For you are a lineal successor of the apostle, every one of you that does the apostle's work. And God sends every man that goes forth to carry the spirit of God to his fellow-men. And it is no small prerogative, no small honor, but a most responsible trust, to have committed to you the keys of life and death; to carry in yourself those influences that shall be a savor of life to some, and a savor of death to others—that shall be a buttress and a wall of defense to some, and a stumbling stone and rock of offense and destruction to others. But so it is. It belongs to the Christian spirit: it belongs to every individual that lives in that spirit.

II. To every single man who lives in high communion and sympathy with God, Christ has, in speaking to Peter, spoken also, saying in the language of record, "I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." Every praying man and every praying woman on the globe that lives in the intelligent knowledge of Christ, and employs the spirit and truth of Christ intelligently, just as much as councils, and synods, and conventions, and churches, has this power of the keys. God gives it to every one that desires to have the living nature of Christ in him. Ah! do you not suppose there have been thousands of men who have gone down through life arrogating this claim that never opened the door of heaven to one single soul? There have been hundreds of Popes, I suppose, who have opened the door of the future; but it was the door of perdition—who have not opened the door of heaven even for themselves, and much less for any that came after them, or went before them. And yet there have been hundreds of poor bedridden Christians whose key was bright with perpetual using, and who, by faith, and example, and testimony, and clarity of teaching, did bind iniquity in the world, by the golden cords of truth, and did set loose, by the same truth, those that were bound, giving them power of spiritual insight, giving them emancipation, and bringing them into the large light and liberty of the children of God. Emancipators of the soul, they were—humble, uncrowned, uncanonical, unordained, God-sanctified souls. They knew Christ, and loved him, and poured out his spirit upon men. And every man that has that spirit, has God's keys in his hands, and has authority to bind and loose—to bind lies and all iniquity, and to set loose all those that suffer oppression by reason of spiritual despotism. They go forth effulgent messengers of God's light and the emancipation that goes with it. And whoever trusts in Christ Jesus; whoever lives by faith in Christ Jesus; whoever is inspired to enthusiasm by the love of Christ Jesus—he goes forth as Peter went. And often and often, I suppose, we have seen men that had double the spirit that the apostle had in the service of Christ.

And on the other hand, there is no way of opening the door of heaven except through a recognition of God, and sympathy and communion with him. Power of life in the soul puts down decretals. Authority does not; ceremonials do not; orders do not; doctrines do not; church-discipline does not. The ability to do this does not belong to any body of men on account of organization, though it may on account of the spirit of the individuals composing it. I protest against the ecclesiastical claim, and I affirm and avow the claim as belonging to the democratic whole of Christendom.

There is a solemn sense in which they that are enlightened and converted by the truth should hold the keys to enlighten all those who are vicious and ignorant beneath them. By your superiority you are tempted to make yourself the monarch of those beneath you. But God ordains you to be the schoolmaster of all who are less enlightened than you are. Are you higher than men? It is not that you should sit enthroned in their praises, and demand their suffrages, and the tribute of their admiration. The higher you are, the more prompt you should be to go down to those that sit in the region and shadow of death. Has God given to your soul the knowledge of salvation by Jesus Christ? Are you linked with other brethren that are of the same blessed procession? Do you constitute a class? Do you rear your own children in the light and knowledge of these truths? Where are those that are below you? Where are the vicious? Where are the criminals? Where are the unlettered and ignorant wanderers in the street? Where are the great mass that have subsided to the bottom of society? Somebody must be their illuminator. Somebody must appoint their way to the city. Somebody must open its flashing gates to them. Every one that has the mind and will of Christ, and abides in his spirit, stands in the relation to those below him of the holder of the keys. Woe be to him that in time of famine has bread, and lets men starve because he will not part with it! Woe be to him that in time of plague has medicine, and lets men die untended! Double woe be to him that has been enlightened of God, and lets men perish because he will not take, by the authority of God, the light that he has received, and carry it to them. It is no small honor to have the keys of heaven in possessing the truth as it is in Christ Jesus: it is a fearful and solemn responsibility. And take heed that in the last day men do not rise up and say, "God gave you the entrance to the kingdom of heaven, and your feet went in vigilance day and night thitherward, but never was there a hand stretched forth to open that gate to me." Are there not within the touch of the hem of your garment; are there not in your business places; are there not in your daily travels; are there not in the thoroughfares of the city, scores and hundreds into whose darkened minds never pierced the light of God's truth, to whom you never came with a lantern? Here you stand unconcerned—you whose soul is luminous, you that by the power of the Holy Ghost have been ordained to be a teacher, a leader, and a dispenser of spiritual things—and men are wasting and dying in darkness all around about you! God has given you the keys, and he will hold you to a responsibility for the right use of them.

Every converted man, then, becomes a door-keeper in God's house, to invite and to urge them that should enter, and to exclude those who go without a wedding garment, and show them how to equip themselves so as to be fit to enter the kingdom of God.

Once more. How solemn it is that God gives men to be parents in this life, to rear up congregations out of their own loins, to sit in the church of the family, and makes father and mother to be apostles, and gives to them keys, saying, "What you bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and what you loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." It is even so. You cannot free yourselves from the obligation. You cannot help it. You are the key-keeper for your children. You are the door-keeper for your own offspring. Take heed, then, how you carry yourselves as parents in your own household; how you administer God's Word. It depends much upon you whether, at last, your children shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, or whether they shall rise to everlasting shame and contempt.

Briefly closing, let me ask, then, Who carries the keys? Does the Pope? Yes, he can carry them. Cardinals? Yes, they may carry them. Bishops? Yes, bishops may carry them. The church collectively? Yes, it may. Ministers? Yes, ministers may. Deacons and elders? Yes, deacons and elders may. Members? Yes, members may. But they belong to the Pope, not because he is pope, but because he is Christian; to the Cardinal, not because he is cardinal, but because he is Christian; to the Bishop, not because he is bishop, but because he is Christian. To the church collectively, not because they are a collective church, but because they are Christian; to ministers, not because they are ministers, but because they are Christian; to deacons and elders, not because they are deacons and elders, but because they are Christian; to members, not because they are members, but because they are Christian. To every living soul who knows the secret of God is given the power to open the gate to others; and to every living soul who does not know that secret, is taken this power. No matter what his outward show and circumstance may be.

Take heed, then. Let every man see to it that he has power to open the gates of heaven; and when he has it, let him stand, night and day, as the Spirit and the bride stand, saying, "Come, come, come, and take of the water of life freely."

* Preached at Plymouth church, Brooklyn, and reported for *The Independent* by T. J. Ellinwood.

THE AMERICAN BOARD AND THE TRACT SOCIETY ON SLAVERY.

Messrs. Editors: These letters are written not for the sake of refuting or exposing *The Christian Intelligencer*, but rather for the sake of directing public attention, in this way, to some important facts which have been extensively misrepresented, and to some distinctions which are often overlooked. I do not regard the editor of that journal as being in this respect a sinner above all other men, but it is convenient to take his blunders for a text, and there is one great advantage in dealing with him rather than with some of those who may be regarded as standing behind him. His capacity of blundering is so extraordinary, that when we find his statements ever so grossly untrue, we can contradict them frankly without implying and without any temptation to feel that he intended to deceive.

You will remember that, in my last letter, dealing with the second and third of the four leading misstatements put forth by that editor in his zeal to convict me and some others of having gone over to his side, I found occasion to show that the American Board of Foreign Missions does not shrink from pronouncing its opinion on any question connected with slavery when it finds such a question rising up before it in the transaction of its legitimate business. I now proceed to the *fourth* of those misstatements, which was, in brief, that Dr. Tyng, Mr. Wolcott, and myself, with so many others, have demanded of the American Tract Society nothing more than the "questionable duty" of "*pronouncing* on the character of the slave-trade." In dealing with it, I hope to illustrate still further the position of the American Board.

That gross misstatement is neither defended nor retracted in the "Reply," though it is repeated and expanded in various forms, with evident unconsciousness of its falsehood. Instead of repeating the refutation of it, I will ask your leave to show how great the difference is between the position which Dr. Tyng and others, including myself, have taken, as members and directors, in the American Tract Society of New York, and the position which some men blunderingly, and others (I fear) with willful perverseness, have imputed to us.

It is imputed to us, in effect, that we desire to use the Tract Society for purposes aside from its appropriate aim and work—that "agitation" is the ulterior object to which we would make the Society subservient—that we urge it in its annual meetings "to perform the questionable duty" of "pronouncing on the character of the slave-trade," or on the character of slavery—that we introduce "anti-slavery and anti-slave-trade resolutions" to be adopted as a sort of act and testimony for effect upon the general cause of anti-slavery agitation. To my own sense of propriety the position thus imputed to us is a dishonorable one. The Tract Society was instituted to promote "vital godliness and sound morality," not by resolutions, declarations of principles, solemn deliverances and platforms, after the manner of ecclesiastical bodies and political or reforming conventions; not by memorials to governments or to clerical and ecclesiastical assemblies; but only by the publication and distribution of tracts suited to that purpose.

What is it, then, which we have demanded of that Society? Nothing else than that *in its tracts* it shall not suppress certain lessons of "vital godliness and sound morality" about which there is far less difference of opinion among evangelical Christians than there is about the fourth commandment in the Decalogue. The wickedness of the African piracy, the wickedness of oppressing the poor and selling the needy, and the wickedness of all those sins and vices to which the institution of slavery gives license, and which it is known to promote—and on the other hand the duty of vindicating by all peaceful and lawful methods them that are wronged, the duty of "remembering them that are in bonds as bound with them," and the duty of teaching the ignorant to read the Bible,—are not points of doubtful disputation among evangelical Christians. What we have demanded and shall continue to demand, is that the publications of the Society shall not be silent in regard to such duties and such sins; and that on these themes, so specially pertinent to our country and our times, the unanimous moral sense of evangelical Christians shall utter itself freely and naturally in the publications of a Society which has collected millions of money under the pretense of promoting vital godliness and sound morality. This explanation has been repeated again and again. Yet we are persistently misrepresented not only by the blundering *Intelligencer*, but by others who are intellectually capable of better things.

Have we ever asked the Tract Society to do anything else than publish tracts. Have we ever asked it to publish any tract not designed to promote vital godliness and sound morality? Have we ever asked it to put into its tracts any doctrine or principle contrary to the universal sense of evangelical Christians? Have we ever asked the annual meeting to address the Government at Washington in a memorial against the slave-trade, or to declare its opinion on anything else than the merits and defects of the tracts published by its own Committee? Every one of the Secretaries, every one of the Publishing Committee, as well as every one of the memorable Special Committee, knows that we have not. Even the editor of *The Intelligencer* knows that we have not. We have never asked the Society to do anything else than its own proper and professed business. That great Special Committee, with President Frelinghuysen at the head of it, reported in 1857, after having had the matter under consideration for a year, that the Society ought to do all that *we* had ever demanded of it and all that we now demand of it; and that report was adopted in a full assembly without a dissenting voice. Need I remind your readers of the sequel? The administration of the Society refused to carry the resolutions of that report into effect. In 1858, they succeeded in obtaining a virtual repeal of those resolutions. Against that policy we protested, and still protest. By way of protesting against that policy, and that we might ascertain to what depth of baseness and cowardice it would go, we asked for a tract against the African slave-trade; for that horror of Christendom was already beginning to be revived in our country, and to be argued for with brazen audacity. We did not ask the Society to "pronounce" on the character of that atrocious traffic. We assumed that the laws of the Union, denouncing the African slave-trade as piracy, were a sufficient *pronunciamento*. We had not dreamed that there was any room for a question among evangelical Christians in regard to the "morality" of that piracy, or in regard to the duty of issuing tracts that should expose the ineffable wickedness of it to the merchants of New York who are tempted to invest their capital in it, as well as to the seamen who are enticed into it at the hazard of their lives. We knew that Southern Christianity, enervated by its enforced subserviency to slavery and the internal slave-trade, was impotent against this new assault, unless encouraged and aided from abroad; but we had reason to hope that, in the presence of so great a horror, the Society might be willing to aid and encourage its many friends in the slaveholding states, lest by any means American slavery should be identified with the African slave-trade. We therefore proposed, not that the Society should "pronounce" on a disputed point—not that it should address a memorial to Congress in the interest of anti-slavery agitation—not that it should depart one hair's-breadth from its proper function of publishing tracts in the interest of "vital godliness and sound morality"—but only that it should respectfully suggest to its executive the expediency of publishing a tract on the wickedness of the African slave-trade. That proposal was hooted down by the craven spirit of the fashionable Christianity which supposes that gain is vital godliness. The assembly was hardly less tumultuous than that which once in Paul's days filled the Ephesian theater. For more than the space of two hours the Academy of Music rang with outcries which, being interpreted, were "Great is the Southern trade!" "By this craft we have our wealth!" And when the venerable and honored Dr. Spring, remembering (what so many had forgotten in the madness of the hour) that the Society was in danger to be called in question for that day's uproar, attempted the part of the town-clerk of Ephesus, it was hardly within his power to control that frenzy. Such is the position of the American Tract Society of New York. Even *The Christian Intelligencer*, with all its editorial confusion of ideas, knows well enough that we, whom it designates by name, have never blamed that Society for not going out of its own province to pass anti-slavery or anti-slave-trade resolutions. Its proper work is the publication of tracts in the interest of "vital godliness and sound morality," as those phrases are understood among "all evangelical Christians." Tracts on the wickedness of the African slave-trade are needed, not on Southern plantations, but here at the North; and this Tract Society, which exists for the very purpose of supplying such a need, will not do its own proper work.

How different from this is the position of our Board of Foreign Missions! On the one hand, it has met and considered every question about slavery which has arisen in any practical connection with its missionary work. On the other hand, it has steadfastly refused to do anything not pertaining strictly to its business as a foreign missionary institution. Many have thought that inasmuch as the Board is a great and powerful religious body, and inasmuch as its annual assemblies are perhaps the most important of all our religious anniversaries, its power ought to be wielded for the guidance of public opinion on such matters as the sanctification of the Sabbath, or the mischievous abuse of intoxicating drinks, or the use of tobacco. On the same principle, it has been thought that the Board ought to do something more than it has ever yet done, for what is called the anti-slavery cause. But every call for a testimony or appeal to the public on any other subject than foreign missions, has been declined. All its declarations in regard to slavery and the slave-trade have been purely incidental to its proper work. Occasions have not been sought, nor have they been timidly avoided. Fifteen years ago, at Brooklyn, its annual meeting was almost exclusively occupied with the discussion of slavery as an obstacle in the way of its missions among the Southwestern Indians. In the paper adopted at that meeting, slavery as an institution or arrangement by which one man is made the property of another, was unequivocally condemned as evil and only evil, and in its relation to the spirit and letter of Christianity was placed on the same footing with polygamy. At the same time, the doctrine that no master of a slave, in whatever circumstances, can make a credible profession of faith in Christ, was repudiated with equal explicitness, and the duty of applying the law of Christ to individual cases was remitted to the missionaries and to the churches under their guidance—with the understanding, of course, that if ever the missionaries should fail to regard slavery as "in all its bearings a tremendous evil," or if ever those churches should be persistently delinquent in applying the law of Christ to the relation of master and servant, the Board, after due remonstrance, would be bound to withdraw its support. Last year, such a contingency having occurred according to the judgment of the Prudential Committee, in the case of the Choctaw Mission, that Mission, after long correspondence and patient waiting, was discontinued, and the act of the Committee, in discontinuing it, was approved by the Board. At the same meeting the question whether it would be wise to address the Federal Government on the matter of the interference of the slave-trade with the Gaboon Mission was referred to the Prudential Committee, and at the late meeting the report was, after careful inquiry, that the exigencies of that Mission require no such memorial at present. Any further action, therefore, on the African slave-trade, at that meeting, could have had no other motive than a desire to rouse or guide the public opinion of this country—a motive entirely pertinent to the work of the Tract Society, but entirely impertinent to the work of Foreign Missions. The American Board attends to its proper business, without flinching from questions about slavery. The Tract Society refuses to do its proper work when the Southern trade is sensitive, or when Southern politicians forbid.

I need not undertake to say that the American Board has not erred sometimes in its treatment of questions relating to slavery. It is enough to point out the great difference between the position of the Board and the position of the Nassau-street institution—a difference so great that even your neighbor of *The Intelligencer* can hardly fail to see it.

Yours,
Leonard Bacon.

New Haven, Dec. 10, 1860.

VICTORIES OF PEACE.

England, Nov. 22, 1860.

The English mind has been on the stretch for Italian news. The progress of the Hero and Deliverer has been followed with even a keener and more widely felt interest than was the more distant struggle in Hungary. It has, indeed, been a grand and ennobling drama: people after people bursting chains, the iron of which had entered into their souls, in the prison-house of what should have been their country, but had been made a region of sorrow and of dungeon-shadow. It may take long to heal the wounds, and to cleanse the corruptions incident to Servitude—compelled, long-continued, degrading. Freedom and its pure airs will restore and renew.

But a great victory of peace is announced from another continent, and challenges the regard and admiration of Englishmen. No war or battle's sound has been heard: patriot blood has not been poured out. Homes have not been given to the flames, widows and orphans have not been multiplied, nor hospitals crowded. "Victories not *less* renowned than war," indeed! What are the victories won by sword and bayonet and rifled cannon, compared with those accomplished by peaceful citizens, under the shadow of the law, and by means of the so potent ballot-box? Shall we rejoice when the brittle power of a Bourbon is broken, and the Italian captive goes free—and shall not we exult when our own brethren, our friends, true asserters and inheritors of a freedom including the mind as well as the person, break the strong bands of a corrupt and corrupting oligarchy, and stay a plague which would have made of a continent one vast pest-house? Yea, verily, we do rejoice, and will rejoice in such a victory of peace—a victory of Republicans, whose watch-words were Purity, Freedom. Hail! then, to Lincoln, the people's President! Hail! from old England to New, and to states and territories, and states that shall be hereafter.

Who can compute the value of this victory, viewed as the first in a series of moral conquests?—the value to the United States? Who can estimate the grandeur of its results far beyond the sphere of the Union?—to Europe, and, let it be said, to England in particular? Who can say what the effects which will follow upon a pure and righteous government at Washington? The mind labors under the glorious burthen of possibilities.

Your English Correspondent may also be permitted further to note, that this event comes to England in the fullness of time. For years few looked with earnest regard on the things of the United States; and those few looked with a painful interest, and with more of hope than of expectation. The English friends of the United States, and of popular government, have been scourged with weapons furnished from the Republic to their enemies. Your Correspondent, in some bitterness of spirit, has occasionally made loud lament, and has been tolerated in *The Independent* while doing so. Then till lately there was scarcely a medium between the two peoples. A dear press, say $40 a year for a single copy,—a dear press, limited in circulation, and naturally resting on sordid interests, neither could nor would speak to the English nation, either kindly or tolerantly, of the great kindred people of a republic, whose good and cheap government was a reproach to privilege and to unjust and costly power. Things have changed, and are changing, in these respects. Cheap and well-conducted papers are penetrating the nation. Papers such as *The London Star* are expressing and creating an enlightened public sentiment, and opening Transatlantic channels to the people. Intelligently expounding the American crisis a week since, *The Star* concluded with this expectation and anticipation:

"Mr. Lincoln's election will be the first step toward separating the Federal Government from all responsible connection with the institution of slavery, and of relieving America, in her national character and relations, from the one great blot which now defaces her escutcheon. If our American kinsmen, under the guidance of Mr. Lincoln, are enabled to adopt such a policy—a policy which, in the words of the Republican motto, will make slavery sectional and freedom national—they will add immeasurably to the dignity and influence of their country, and will indeed make her

'The pride and pattern of the earth.'

The taunts which are now leveled at her by the enemies of freedom in the Old World will then fall harmless to the ground, and the Liberal cause in Europe, instead of suffering from her shortcomings, will be strengthened by her good example."

However it may strike the far-off reader, it is good to the present writer to have lived to see such sentiments in print, and addressed to a very large audience of Englishmen. The occupation of *The Times* is going, gone! The insolence of irresponsible power in it will have to be abated. Its influence even with the sordid mercantile class and the men of the Exchange is lessening daily. Mere literary talent and the power of expression will not suffice to cover either the ignorance or the selfish factiousness which this great journal has recently displayed.

Here has been another great victory of peace, one worthy to be named with the American triumph. In a few hours, the Commercial Treaty between France and England will be signed. From the first this treaty has been depreciated and denounced by the short-sighted and the factious, and incessantly and malignantly by *The Times*. In the issue the expectation of its friends, and the friends of peace, have been greatly exceeded. The practical wisdom and liberality of the French Commissioners have been great. The sagacity, the immense labors and patient toil of Mr. Cobden, have been wonderful, only inspiring fears as to the consequence to him of such protracted and herculean labors. From all the important centers of British industry chosen men have gone to Paris as delegates, to explain, to inquire, to effect modifications, and to care for specialities. It has been really curious to observe the unanimity of these various deputations. They have all come back confessing the liberality and persuadableness of the French Commissioners: all expressing admiration at the patience, the skill, and the devoted labor of Mr. Cobden. Everywhere chambers of commerce and associated manufacturers and merchants have formally and publicly acknowledged the great value of the Treaty and the devoted patriotism of its British negotiator. All the while, and often with ridiculous ignorance, *The Times* has continued to disparage. This, too, is a good: it has been a

ROOMS OF THE AMERICAN HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY,
BIBLE HOUSE, ASTOR PLACE,
NEW YORK, Dec. 1, 1860.

We earnestly invite the attention of the friends of Home Missions to the following statements respecting the financial condition of this Society, and the wants of its missionaries.

MILTON BADGER, DAVID B. COE, DANIEL P. NOYES, } *Secretaries.*

Financial Condition of the Society.

Allusion was made in *The Home Missionary* for November to the urgent wants of the missionaries of this Society. It is due to them, and to the patrons of the Society, that we should now state more fully its present financial condition.

It commenced its current fiscal year with an empty Treasury and a large debt to its missionaries. Since that time the Committee have practiced the most rigid economy in their expenditures. They have advanced with great caution, and in some cases have declined to enter into the new fields that have been opened before them. To nearly all the churches previously aided, they have granted smaller sums than they needed and sought. This reduction, we are sorry to say, has resulted, in many cases, in a corresponding reduction of the already inadequate salaries of the missionaries, and has caused not a little embarrassment.

Notwithstanding this retrenchment, the receipts into the Treasury, though somewhat greater than in the corresponding months of last year, have been insufficient to meet the claims of the missionaries. About $87,000 are now pledged, on commissions already issued; and of this sum about $17,000 are now due for labor already reported.

Condition of the Missionaries.

More than 300 missionaries have forwarded their reports—some of them for two quarters—and are anxiously awaiting remittances from the Treasury. On these remittances they have confidently relied for the means of procuring supplies for the winter, and of paying unavoidable debts. Their letters express deep anxiety and distress. They do not speak of personal privation—this they endure cheerfully. They do not urge the necessities of their families—these, even, they could witness without complaining. But when their pecuniary credit is sacrificed, their character compromised, and religion itself dishonored, by their failure to fulfill their engagements, they justly feel that they are paying too dear a price for the privilege of preaching the Gospel to the poor. "*Brethren, these things ought not so to be!*"

Urgency of the Case.

Or the response which is made to this appeal, the Society's payments to its missionaries, the scale of its future appropriations, and the condition of the missionary families and churches, will depend. We, therefore, earnestly commend these facts to the prompt attention of the pastors and members of those churches which have been accustomed to make this Society the almoner of their bounty, and especially to those which, during the current year, *or for several years*, have made no contribution to this cause. We make our appeal, also, to benevolent individuals not connected with such churches; to Sabbath-schools; to charitable associations of every sort, that are seeking channels for their beneficence; and to *all* who, as good stewards, are inquiring what disposal they shall make of their Lord's money. The case, it will be seen, is urgent, and delay is disaster. In view of it, let every friend of Christ and his cause inquire earnestly, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

Religious Intelligence.

CONGREGATIONAL.

ILLINOIS—AMBOY.—Rev. S. Day of Princeton, Ill., having declined the call recently given him by the First Congregational church and society at Amboy to become their pastor, a second invitation to the pastorate of that church and society, at an increased salary, has been unanimously extended to Mr. D.

EPISCOPAL.

TOO SEVERE.—*The Southern Churchman* says, touching the surplices on the choristers in Trinity church:

"Surplices are small matters. Whether we dress in white or black, in red, yellow, or green, should be to all a matter of supreme indifference. But it is not an indifferent thing, when there are persons in the Church who make so much of little things. We have no objection to these boys dressing in surplices; surplices are not ecclesiastical garments at all; but what we object to is, that it should be considered so important, that Church papers make it known. Would any paper have thought it of sufficient importance to tell the boys had on clean shirts? Let the boys wear them, and let them wear surplices, or a dozen surplices, but do not make out these little, petty, trifling things are of the slightest importance. It is by making much of little things that our High-Church brethren have injured the truth. They fail in rightly dividing the Word of truth; holding the truth, but placing things important in the background, and things of less importance first."

MISCELLANEOUS.

SYRIA.—A general letter from the mission, dated Beyrout, Sept. 8th, speaks very hopefully of the prospects of the missionary work. At Beyrout the press is working; the female school is in operation; the male school might be but for the use of the school-room for refugees from the mountain; the translation of the Scriptures has been resumed; the printing of the voweled edition of the New Testament is about to be commenced; the missionary chapel is crowded, and there is more direct missionary work to be done than ever before. Just now, all the missionaries are hard pressed with distributing charities to the suffering. Mr. Calhoun keeps up preaching services at Abeih and Aramoun. The congregations are larger than before the war. The common schools at both places have been reopened at the urgent request of both Christians and Druzes.

INDIA.—The Christianization of the Kols in the Chota-Nagpore district is proceeding at a very rapid rate. Two thousand have already been baptized, or rather this was the number some six months ago. The number of those who have broken caste, and have applied for baptism, is also very large. Ninety were baptized in January last. A missionary writes that in the neighborhod of Ranchee the Gospel is spreading like fire in a jungle. As many as *eight hundred villagers* have received the Gospel. So many Kols are pouring into the station from the jungle that three missionaries were occupied all day in giving them instruction. The Lieut.-Governor of Bengal visited the district in January, and was greatly astonished at what he saw. His secretary remarked to the missionaries, "There never was seen such a sight in India as this." This referred to a gathering of about *two thousand* native Christians, at which he was present. From the province of Pachette, the Kheveepunthes have presented themselves to the number of forty-six, out of eleven villages, asking for instruction. They say that large bodies of this sect are ready to embrace Christianity. There are six missionaries in the Chota-Nagpore field, who are Germans from the Seminary of Pastor Gossner, at Berlin. We see it stated, that in Lucknow and the surrounding villages, eighty-nine natives have been baptized since the rebellion of 1857. This good news is taken from *The Bombay Guardian*. Well may we exclaim, "Lo! what hath God wrought!"

Literature, Science, and Art.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

FOUR ACRES—"From Haytime to Hopping." By the author of "Our Farm of Four Acres. 12mo, pp. 287. Published by Rudd & Carleton, 130 Grand street; and by Chapman & Hall, London.

STEVENS—The third volume of Dr. Stevens's "Methodism," bringing it down to 1839—the "Centenary"—is in a state of forwardness, and will probably be published about the holidays.

QUARTERLY—"The National Quarterly." Vol. II., No. 3, for December, 1860. Published by E. D. Sears, 32 Beekman street. Topics: Bacon, Female Novelists, Camoens, The Stuarts, Modern Thought, Turkey, Greek Drama, French and American Morals.

RUFFINI—"Lavinia. A Novel." By G. Ruffini, author of "Doctor Antonio," etc. 12mo, pp. 495. Published by Rudd & Carleton, No. 130 Grand street; and Smith, Elder & Co., London.

BALZAC—"Analytical Studies of Society. The Petty Annoyances of Married Life." From the French of Honore de Balzac, translated by O. W. Wight and F. B. Goodrich. 12mo, pp. 280. Rudd & Carleton, publishers.

STORY—"The Straight Path; or, The Story of Hope Conroy." 18mo, pp. 377. Published by the American Sunday-School Union, Philadelphia.

THE BIRDS—"Jenny and the Birds." By the author of "Jenny and the Insects," "Irish Amy," etc. 18mo, pp. 309. Same publishers.

ABBOTT'S ITALY—"The Monarchies of Continental Europe. Italy, from the Earliest Period to the Present Day." By John S. C. Abbott. 8vo, pp. 507. Published by Mason Brothers, Nos. 5 and 7 Mercer street.

HYMNOLOGY—"Hymns and Choirs; or, The Matter and the Manner of the Service of Song in the House of the Lord." By Austin Phelps and Edwards A. Park, professors at Andover, and Daniel L. Furber, Pastor at Newton. 12mo, pp. 425. Published by Warren F. Draper, Andover; Gould & Lincoln, and Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co., Boston; John Wiley, New York; and Smith, English & Co., Philadelphia.

HEAVEN—"The Beautiful City, and the King of Glory." By Hon. Woodbury Davis, Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Maine. 12mo, pp. 255. Published by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

BUNYAN—"The Pilgrim's Progress." By John Bunyan. With Explanatory Notes, by Thomas Scott, D.D. 12mo, pp. 363, illustrated by Charles Bennett. Published by Robert Carter & Brothers, No. 530 Broadway.

DR. TRENCH—"Sermons preached in Westminster Abbey." By Richard Chenevix Trench, D.D., Dean of Westminster. 12mo, pp. 368. Published by W. J. Widdleton, successor to J. S. Redfield.

DR. MOTT—"Report of Prof. Valentine Mott's Surgical Cliniques in the University of New York." By Samuel W. Francis, of Dr. Mott's Surgical Staff. 12mo, pp. 209. Published by S. S. & W. Wood, No. 389 Broadway.

IRVING'S WASHINGTON—"Life of George Washington." By Washington Irving. Vol. III., crown 8vo, pp. 483. Putnam's Illustrated Edition. Published by George P. Putnam. Engravings of busts by Houdon & Cevacchi, and Darley's Washington at Monmouth, with nine woodcuts.

IRVING'S COLUMBUS—"The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus; to which are added those of his Companions." By Washington Irving. Author's revised edition. Vol. I., crown 8vo, pp. 461, illustrated. G. P. Putnam, publisher.

ABBOTT'S SOUTH—"American History. Vol. III. The Southern Colonies." By Jacob Abbott. 12mo, pp. 286; with maps and engravings. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York; and Gould & Lincoln, Boston.

THE POTTER—"Palissy, the Huguenot Potter. A True Tale." By G. L. Brightwell. 12mo, pp. 169, illustrated. Presbyterian Board of Publication, Philadelphia.

SAWYER'S VERSION—"The Holy Bible; containing the Old and New Testaments." Translated and arranged, with Notes, by Rev. Leicester Ambrose Sawyer. Vol. II. The Later Prophets. 12mo, pp. 384. Published by Walker, Wise & Co., Boston.

DR. R. NEWTON—"The Giants, and How to Fight Them." By Richard Newton, D.D., author of "The King's Highway," etc. 12mo, pp. 195. Published by Robert Carter & Brothers.

MRS. SIGOURNEY—"Gleanings." By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. Royal 8vo, pp. 264, tinted paper. Published by Brown & Gross, Hartford; and D. Appleton & Co., New York.

BOSTON TRACTS—Publications of the "American Tract Society," Boston:

1. "Discourses, Doctrinal and Practical." By Edward N. Kirk, D.D. Royal 8vo, pp. 225, tinted paper, with profile portrait.

2. "History of Christianity to the Time of Constantine." With an Introduction by F. D. Huntington, D.D. 12mo, pp. 147.

3. "Tales for Children." By Catherine D. Bell. 24mo, pp. 186.

APPLETON'S ENCYCLOPEDIA—"The New American Cyclopedia; and Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Vol. XI.: MacGillivray—Moxa." Edited by George Ripley and Charles A. Dana. Royal 8vo, pp. 788, double columns. Published by D. Appleton & Co. Ministers may obtain the work at a large discount by addressing Rev. W. E. Sheldon, Uncasville, Ct.

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MISS HESSEL—"The Christian Maiden. Memorials of Eliza Hessel." By Joshua Priestly. 12mo, pp. 357, with portrait. Published by Carlton & Porter.

STORIES—"Pretty Stories for Little Boys; or, Mother's Gift to her Dear Boy." 16mo, pp. 101, with three illustrations. Published by Carlton & Porter, for the S.-S. Union of the M. E. Church.

THEODORE PARKER—"Parkerism. Three Discourses on the Death of Theodore Parker." By Rev. W. F. Warren, F. H. Newhall, and Gilbert Haven. 12mo, pp. 115. Carlton & Porter, publishers.

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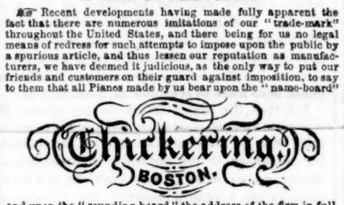

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Star of the Press.

1861.

"GREAT IN MOUTHS OF WISEST CENSURE."

The New York Mercury

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

In accordance with a time-honored custom, the publishers of THE NEW YORK MERCURY, the largest two-dollar literary weekly in the world, make the opening of a New Year the occasion for issuing a comprehensive prospective prospectus bulletin.

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BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

The opening chapters of which will appear in THE MERCURY for January 5, 1861.

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NEW VOLUMES.

The Phrenological and *Water-Cure Journals* both commence new volumes with the beginning of the next year.

THE PHRENOLO

The Independent.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 13, 1860.

A PRESS OF BUSINESS.

Our readers will observe that our paper this week is overcrowded with advertisements. These came in at so late an hour as to prevent the issue of an extra sheet. But next week, and probably the week following, *The Independent* will be enlarged from eight pages to ten, increasing its space from forty-eight columns to sixty. Friends who have advertisements to offer will oblige us by sending them in as early in the week as possible. We can promise that our next week's number will be more than usually attractive to all readers.

100,000 Subscribers Wanted!

Any old subscriber who will renew his subscription to The Independent between now and the first day of January next, will be allowed One Dollar for every new subscriber whose name he may send with said renewal—the money in all cases to be remitted in advance. Thus three dollars will pay for the renewal and for one new subscriber for a year—the other dollar to be retained by the person furnishing the new subscriber, as a compensation for his services.

Or—we will send, free of all expense, a beautiful Photographic or Stereoscopic Likeness of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher for every new six months' subscriber sent us before the first day of January, with One Dollar.

Or—we will present a copy of Webster's New Unabridged Pictorial Quarto Dictionary to any person who will send us before the first of January the names of three new subscribers, with Six Dollars. The Dictionary will be sent promptly by express on receipt of the money.

N. B.—Bills of all specie-paying Banks taken at par.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We wish it distinctly understood that our premium of Webster's Dictionary for three new subscribers EXPIRES ON THE FIRST DAY OF JANUARY. Any person, therefore, who desires this splendid book, the price of which is $6 50, can have it before said 1st of January by sending us three new subscribers with $6. Thousands will regret it if they do not now avail themselves of this extraordinary offer.

THE NAIL ON THE HEAD.

The New York Herald, in commenting upon the recent speech of Mr. Iverson of Georgia, in the Senate, hits the nail exactly on the head. It says:

"Mr. Iverson leaves no loophole of escape. He says: 'Gentlemen speak of concession—of the repeal of Personal Liberty bills. Repeal them all to-morrow, and you cannot stop this revolution. It is not the liberty laws, but the mob law, which the South fears. They do not dread these overt acts; for, without the power of the Federal Government by force, under the republican rule, their institution (slavery) would not last ten years, and they (the South) know it.' This, then, is the idea: the Northern anti-slavery alliance having crossed the Rubicon, the South will at once set up the wall of an independent power against its onward march, instead of waiting for a moral anti-slavery invasion, which, fostered by the General Government, threatens the speedy destruction of the vital institution of the South.

"There is no argument against this defensive policy. Under the moving impulse thus presented by the Senator from Georgia, concessions and compromises to the people he represents have had their day."

"Concessions and compromises" have had their day at the North as well as at the South. The South itself, or Northern Democratic politicians acting in the interest of the South, have repealed every compromise heretofore made for the protection of slavery. As the numerical and political power of the slaveholding aristocracy began to wane before the steady increase of the free states, the South threw away the old compromises, to clutch [at more exorbitant demands—insisting upon a new and violent construction of the Constitution, that would open the territories of the United States for the establishing of slavery at the will of any settler, and would convert the ports of free states into barracoons for the facility of the internal slave-trade. These demands the North has resisted by its overwhelming vote for Mr. Lincoln; and it is because of its defeat in the attempt to nationalize slavery by perverting the Constitution, and controlling the Federal Executive and Judiciary, that the South now threatens to secede from the Union. No new compromise, whether restoring the Missouri line, or repealing Personal Liberty Bills, or intensifying the Fugitive-Slave Law, could meet the demands of men who will never be satisfied until we concede that the Minority shall permanently rule the Majority, and that a system of stupendous wrong is both morally and legally right. But *that* concession the North will never make. There is such a thing as a public *conscience*—the aggregate expression of the moral sense of the community. That conscience is irreconcilably hostile to slavery, because slavery is wrong. That conscience made itself felt in the election of Mr. Lincoln. It will make itself felt in every coming Presidential election, while slavery exists anywhere in the United States. That conscience can neither be dragooned nor bribed into silence. It will not be quieted by a compromise that recognizes in any way the rightfulness or lawfulness of slavery. If the Republican leaders in Congress should enter into such a compromise, the very men who elected them would repudiate them and their measures; a new party would arise, and "agitate" the nation until the Right should triumph.

There is no escape from agitation by compromise. If business men want quiet, they cannot find it in that direction. No compromise that the North would make could satisfy the South. The concessions that the South demands, should they be yielded by weakness or treachery at Washington, would "agitate" the people of the North and West to the fever point of resistance and determination against the aggressions of slavery. There is no rest for business, no peace for politics, through any scheme of compromise.

While slavery continues, it will be discussed; it will be opposed. *This* it is that the South fears. Even *The Herald* does not apprehend an armed invasion of the South; but the "moral anti-slavery invasion," whose first decisive step has been taken in the election of Mr. Lincoln, threatens the destruction of slavery. Let us then, as men, meet the facts as they are. Have nothing to do with concessions and compromises that look toward the recognition of slavery. Standing by the Constitution as it is, let us uphold it against all defamers and destroyers;—standing upon the immutable law of Right, let us await without flinching, and without fear, the issue of events that baffle human calculations, and yet are luminous with God's high purposes of truth and righteousness.

If faith in God is worth anything, it should prove itself in these times of trial;—prove itself by a calm and steadfast adherence to the right; prove itself by unyielding devotion to moral principle at whatever pecuniary or political sacrifice; prove itself by that effectual, fervent prayer to the God of truth, of justice, of mercy, which shall prevail. Faith in God knows no compromise with wrong, and should suffer no perturbation from the threats of evil-doers. The sentiment of the Christian world is with us in the warfare for freedom. Says *The London Times:*

"We are glad to think that the march of slavery, and the domineering tone which its advocates were beginning to assume over freedom, have been at length arrested and silenced. We rejoice that a vast community of our own race has at length given an authoritative expression to sentiments which are entertained by every one in this country. We trust to see the American Government employed in tasks more worthy of a state founded on the doctrines of liberty and equality than the invention of shifts and devices to perpetuate servitude; and we hear in this great protest of American freedom the tardy echo of those humane doctrines to which England has so long become a convert."

"GAVE MORE THAN THEY GOT."

We had occasion last week to notice the claim set up by *The Evangelist*, that in the early history of the American Home Missionary Society, "Presbyterians gave much more than they got in return, and Congregationalists" much less. We asserted on the contrary, that "Presbyterians *then* received, and have *always* received a larger portion of the Society's funds than they have furnished." We have since received from a prominent Presbyterian minister in the interior of this State, the following statistics confirming our statement. He says, "I have prepared these statistics with great care. Every statement has been substantiated by the Reports of the Society, the Minutes of the General Assembly and the General Association of New York, and Hotchkin's History of Western New York. I have followed each missionary, commissioned out of New England, to ascertain the denomination into which he drifted, and, in almost every instance,—no matter at what Seminary he studied,—he was found soon after, on going West or South, in some Presbytery, preaching to a Presbyterian church." The statistical results are given by our correspondent as follows:

"In the first year the Society had 169 missionaries—two preaching in Dutch Reformed churches, eight in Congregational churches, and 158 in Presbyterian churches. We Presbyterians had 93 per cent. of the missionaries. 'If we sowed bountifully, we also reaped bountifully.' Congregationalists gave at least 16 per cent. of the receipts, while this year they had but about 5 per cent. of the benefits. I have examined every case where an appropriation was made, and find that every appropriation, except eleven, went to sustain Presbyterian churches or interests. The names of all the churches except eleven, I find on the minutes of the General Assembly at different times. The Congregational churches out of New England had generally connected themselves with Presbyteries on the Plan of Union; so that the Rev. J. H. Hotchkin could truly say, in his history of the churches of Western New York, 'All Congregational Associations in Western New York defunct.'

"*The Evangelist* refers to the years 1831 and 1832, as proving its assertions. In 1831 the whole *receipts* were $48,124, and the whole number of *missionaries* 468. Congregationalists, in New England and out, contributed $17,101, or 35½ per cent. of said receipts, and in return had 162 missionaries, or 35 per cent. of the benefits. If we Presbyterians contributed every dollar that cannot clearly be shown to have been contributed by others, our contributions would be $28,529, about 59 per cent., while, as the Society sustained that year 297 of our missionaries, we had 64 per cent. of the benefits.

"But *The Evangelist* says, 'If we extend this examination to the seventh or eighth years of the Society, the difference is still more marked!' I find that in 1834 the *receipts* were $78,901, and the whole number of *missionaries* 676. Of this number Congregationalists had 301, or 44 per cent. of the whole number, and contributed in New England and out of New England $50,578, or 64 per cent. of the receipts. It could not have been *this* year that Congregationalists gave much less than they got in return. The Dutch contributed this year $1,351, and the receipts from *The Home Missionary Journal* were $933. If our denomination claim all other collections, it would make our Presbyterian contributions $26,048, or only 33 per cent. of the whole receipts. But this year we Presbyterians had 367 missionaries, or 54 per cent. of the benefits from the common treasury. So that it could not have been *this* year 'that Presbyterians gave much more than they got in return.'

"But suppose we extend this examination two years further. In 1836 the whole *receipts* were $101,565, and the number of *missionaries* 758. Congregationalists had 335 missionaries, or 44 per cent. of the benefits, while they contributed $73,437, or 72 per cent. of the receipts. The Dutch gave $924, and donations from Scotland, Canada, and the West Indies amounted to $1,119. The Presbyterian Church, therefore, could not have contributed $25,000, which is less than 25 per cent. of the receipts. But this year we Presbyterians had 401 missionaries, or 53 per cent. of the 'benefits.' So much for the assertion of *The Evangelist* 'that the Presbyterians gave much more than they got in return, and the Congregationalists much less.' In the light of these facts there is something amusing in the question of *The Evangelist*, '*But did Presbyterians ever complain of this inequality?*'"

These results will be more readily understood if presented in tabular form, as follows:

Year.	Presbyterian. Contributions.	Mission-aries.	Gain.	Congregational. Contributions.	Mission aries.	Loss.
1827	84 p. c.	93 p. c.	9 p. c.	16 p. c.	5 p. c.	11 p. c.
1831	50 "	64 "	5 "	35⅝ "	35 "	5 "
1834	33 "	54 "	21 "	64 "	44 "	20 "
1836	25 "	53 "	28 "	72 "	44 "	28 "
Av'age	40 p. c.	66 p. c.	26 p. c.	47 p. c.	32 p. c.	15 p. c.

If the statistics of these four years are a fair index of the first ten years of the Society's operations, it follows that during this period the ratio of contributions from Presbyterians was 26 per cent. *less* than that of their missionaries, while the ratio of Congregational contributions *exceeded* by 15 per cent. the number of Congregational missionaries sustained. But the inequality in the case was much greater than these figures indicate. In New England the missionaries received but a small portion of their support (averaging about $75 a year) from the Society, while Presbyterian missionaries, many of whom were laboring in new and destitute settlements, were dependent upon it for a much larger portion—some of them for their entire support. The average sum granted in support of each Presbyterian missionary exceeded the amount granted to each Congregational missionary by more than 50 per cent. Add this excess to the 26 per cent. aforesaid, and then listen to *The Evangelist* asserting, with the tone of injured innocence, that "Presbyterians gave much more than they got in return, and Congregationalists much less."

READ THE CONSTITUTION.

One of the first duties to be urged upon every citizen, is that he shall make himself familiar with the Constitution of the United States just as it stands, without note or comment. The President in his Message, either betrays an ignorance of the Constitution which would bring a school-boy under the ferule of his master, or is guilty of a forgery upon that instrument, which, if committed upon any commercial paper, would send him to the penitentiary. And yet thousands who have never read the Constitution for themselves, will take it for granted that what the President asserts to be contained in that instrument, is really there.

The President says: there is "an *express provision* of the Constitution requiring that *fugitive slaves* who escape from service in one state to another, shall be delivered up *to* their *masters*." Is there any such provision in the Constitution? Art. iv., Sec. 2, reads, "No person *held to service or labor* in one state, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such *service or labor may be due*." Here is not one word about "fugitive *slaves*" or "masters." The article is necessary and valid in the case of apprentices, and might stand just as it is, if there were no slaves in the Union. We do not deny that slaves are included; but the very name was omitted, because the framers of the Constitution looked upon slavery as an abnormal condition of society which must soon pass away. They refused to give it even a *verbal* recognition in the Constitution.

In the Constitutional Convention, Mr. Butler and Mr. C. Pinckney of South Carolina "moved to require *fugitive slaves and servants* to be delivered up like criminals." This was lost. Mr. Madison says that the article, as reported, had the word servitude; but, "on motion of Mr. Randolph of Virginia, the word *servitude* was struck out, and *service* unanimously inserted, the former being thought to express the condition of slaves, and the latter the obligation of free persons." Compare this with Mr. Buchanan's assertion. Moreover, it was held, we believe, in the Amistad case, that the "claim" must be a proper judicial claim, to be established by regular process of law, as in case of any other debt.

Again: Mr. Buchanan speaks of the prohibition of slavery in the Territory of Kansas, as "plainly violating the *rights of property* secured by the Constitution." Mr. Madison, in the Convention that framed the Constitution, declared that "he thought it wrong to admit, in the Constitution, that *there could be property in men*." And that idea was so carefully excluded from the Constitution that no trace of it can be found there.

Let those who talk so freely of observing the compromises of the Constitution, and protecting the Constitutional rights of the South, study the Constitution for themselves, and learn what rights it guarantees, what compromises it contains. They will find that the Constitution was ordained for freedom and for justice, and that the Republican party are seeking to recover it from the perversions of later years, to its original and true design.

MINISTRATION TO THE POOR.

There are some duties the obligation of which, and the privilege of performing them, are equally great at all times; no circumstances whatever, whether helpful or adverse, making them either more or less binding, or more or less precious in the results they produce. But there are others, the obligation to perform which becomes only the more immediate and imperative, and the fruits of which are only the more precious and abundant, in proportion as they are more difficult of accomplishment, and the way to their performance seems barred and blockaded with peculiar embarrassments. And of this latter class there is perhaps no instance more signal than that of MINISTERING EFFECTIVELY TO THE POOR in a time of public apprehension and distress. The obligation which in this matter rests always plainly on Christian people, and especially on those whose home is in the cities, is accumulated in proportion as the work becomes difficult, in proportion as it requires more of sacrifice to perform it; and the results which flow from it, always and everywhere, in the benefit of individuals and the advancement of the general weal, are made vastly more plain, abundant, valuable, when the funds which it requires are hardest to be procured, and the time it demands seems all pre-engaged.

This is a matter that does not need to be argued. The proposition is one that vindicates itself the moment it is stated. And all the more, as we think of it more carefully, shall we feel its correctness, and also its importance. It is *most* important that the humane and Christian people of all our cities should think of it at the present time, till their minds are fully enlightened by it, and their hearts touched, and their wills inspired to prompt, suitable, and sufficient activity.

Very great exaggerations have unquestionably been made by the partisan presses, which seek to further disunion at the South by misrepresenting the state of things at the North, in their reports of the number of workmen who have of late been discharged from employment, and of the general state of things among the poor in consequence of the recent politico-commercial panic in the cities. At this season of the year there are always many discharged from employment,—the less skilful, effective, and valuable workmen,—because of the reduced demand for the fabrics which they are usually engaged in making. And while the number has undoubtedly been larger this year than usual, especially in those departments of manufacture which depend most largely on Southern purchasers, it has not been at all in the proportion represented by these presses, and repeated and still magnified by those who are accustomed to read and rely on them.

Still, however, it remains true that more than an average proportion of the workmen and day-laborers in the cities are now in want of regular employment; that this number is likely to increase rather than diminish in the months to come; that those who have been accustomed to go Southward for occupation during the winter, have been sent back, in some cases with violence, and thus many others deterred from following them; and that meantime the immigration to this country, and to these Northern ports, from foreign lands, goes on as steadily and rapidly as ever, landing the poor at our doors continually;—and that, as the result of all these forces, there is to be a quite unusual amount of suffering the present winter among the destitute, unless the charities and the active exertions of Christian people are quite unusually called out to relieve it.

It is therefore pre-eminently, in present circumstances, our duty and our privilege to attend to this want; and with both physical and spiritual supplies, of food, clothing, fuel, medicine, and also of books, papers, Christian visitations, to minister to those who need it more than ever. Whatever else is done or omitted, this must be done, and not omitted. What it is always our duty to do in this direction—giving to it of our abundance when that abundance has been bestowed upon us—it is more than ever our duty to do when the public mind is apprehensive and alarmed, when the ordinary channels of business are blocked up, when the wealthiest want funds while the poor want employment, and when without pestilence, war, or famine, a cramp seems suddenly to have seized upon commerce, and the blood to be stagnating in the veins of the nation. Man's necessity, now as of old, is God's opportunity. And it is His children's opportunity, as well; to do a work for the masses around them that shall honor Him and bless themselves, while greatly relieving want and distress.

In fact it is not upon Christians alone that this duty rests, nor upon them in any especial and pre-eminent degree; but upon ALL, who have anything to give, or any time and opportunity for labor. Nor is it a duty owed to others, merely, but equally to themselves; the duty, in fact, of self-preservation, as well as of humanity; of the maintenance of that which is valuable to the prosperous, as well as the relief of what is painful to others. Neither the Saxon nor the Celt has ever yet been found willing to starve, when there was abundance near him; and we need not anticipate that the multitudes of the poor throughout our American cities, far more intelligent and effective as a class than if they had not come over to this country, and been stimulated by its air, educated by its free schools, and disciplined effectively by its industries and its newspapers, will ever prove an exception to the rule. That terrible cry of "Bread or Blood," which has rung more than once through the capitals of the old world—and which unless it had there been heeded would have risen ere long above dripping walls and swimming pavements—it has never been heard on this side of the Atlantic, in great part because the generous kindness of Christian hearts has always removed occasions for it. That it will always do so, in time to come, we cannot doubt; if only attention is seasonably called to the want that demands such especial ministrations. But it is not wise in any case to delay—it would be no more prudent than humane to delay—the abundant and continuous furnishing of supplies, until the class for whom they are demanded should grow famishing and frenzied in the absence of them. To give *at once*, to give liberally, to expect to give on, to all suitable associations for the relief of the poor, to individuals who are known to be deserving, until the pressing occasion has passed, should be the purpose, and be recognized as the privilege, of each good citizen.

Nor should these supplies be physical, merely. It is the very time of all times to invigorate and make effective Missionary efforts among the poor in our cities; now, when the MEN, who are usually far more inaccessible than the women, are put at leisure in God's providence, and made ready to hear what the visitor may bring them; now, when the Gospel may be commended to them, by the aids which it furnishes, as well as the illustrious messages which it bears. This also is a matter having relations not more really to their immortal and spiritual welfare than to the well-being and prosperity of Society. There is always danger when large bodies of uneducated men are suddenly thrown out of employment, and left with no definite aim to their life, to form associations with one another, and to sharpen through their contacts their latent prejudice against the more prosperous—there is danger of the development of a temper among them which may become the fruitful source of future ill; which may become defiant and ungovernable, indeed, and breed great social disquiet and mischief.

In Europe they guard continually against this by not letting men, or masses of men, get out of employment, where it can possibly be avoided; by supplying them with work from the government offices, if private employers fail to do it; or by amusing them with spleadid *fêtes* and spectacles, and engaging all the mechanism of the State to attract and pleasantly occupy their minds, when idleness is inevitable. In this country we do it by supplying food for thought and conversation; by books, and pamphlets, and papers, and lectures; above all by the Gospel, in the volume of the Scriptures, or from the lips of the missionary; so at once to instruct the mind, inspire the conscience, renew the heart. The noblest, most effectual way is this—God's way, pre-eminently—of securing all best and grandest results for individuals and Society. And never so great is the opportunity to use it, never so loud and urgent the call for it, never so vast the benefits to flow from it, as when every dollar necessary for it is hardest to be gained and most difficult to part with, and when amid the pressures of the times men feel that they can only, with the utmost exertion, maintain and secure their own position, and cannot do anything effectual for others!

Then, *most of all*, MUST they be liberal and constant in this work; most free in gifts, and most active and earnest in personal labor; or they fail most disastrously to meet the claims of God and of Humanity!

LET THE COUNTRY SPEAK.

By the country we mean the people *in* the country, as distinguished from the people of the great cities. Movements are on foot in several cities to get up a demonstration in favor of the Union, as a prelude to some new concession to slavery. These movements are managed by a few politicians for partisan ends, and a few merchants and bankers who happen to be intimidated by the uncertain aspect of financial affairs. This class, though active and influential, do not represent the real feelings of the people. Though the Southern trade of New York, for example, is less than seven per cent. of the whole trade of the city, yet as it is in a few hands, and these have large interests at stake, it is easy by a little management to get up a demonstration for the interests of the South, which *seems* to represent the wishes of the community. Such meetings are designed for effect at Washington; and there is danger that under a false public opinion thus artificially manufactured, some of the Northern representatives may be induced once more to succumb to Southern threats.

Let, then, the people of the *country* speak. By meetings, by correspondence, through the press, let their voice go forth emphatically for an unflinching adherence to the principles of constitutional liberty asserted in the Chicago Platform, and vindicated by Mr. Lincoln's election. We are glad to learn, upon good authority, that thus far the Republican members of Congress give no indication of backing down. But Washington is a place of fearful corruption. Men are weak in such an atmosphere. Let the tonic breezes from the country blow freshly and vigorously upon them.

THE PERIL OF INSURRECTION.

The President in his Message thus proclaims to the world the state of domestic insecurity and terror which exists throughout the Southern portion of this confederacy of states:

"The incessant and violent agitation of the slavery question throughout the North for the last quarter of a century, has at length produced its malign influence on the slaves, and inspired them with vague notions of freedom. Hence a sense of security no longer exists around the family altar. This feeling of peace at home has given place to apprehensions of servile insurrection. Many a matron throughout the South retires at night in dread of what may befall herself and her children before the morning. Should this apprehension become general, whether real or imaginary, extend and intensify itself until it shall pervade the masses of the Southern people, then disunion will become inevitable. Self-preservation is the first law of nature, and has been implanted in the heart of man by his Creator for the wisest purpose; and no political union, however fraught with blessings and benefits in all other respects, can long continue, if the necessary consequence be to render the homes and the firesides of nearly half the parties to it habitually and hopelessly insecure."

A letter from the South, published the other day in *The New York Times*, strikingly confirms this statement of the President's Message. The letter was a private one, addressed by a lady in South Carolina to her uncle in this city. We happen to know the name and residence of the writer, and also to know from one who read the letter in manuscript, that it is both genuine and authentic. The writer says:

"I shudder for the wives and mothers, sisters and babes of South Carolina, as I contemplate the immediate future of the state. You need not be surprised at any time to see me and the children in your midst, for no argument could induce me to remain here an hour longer than I should be compelled to, if the worst should come to the worst.

"You may imagine, dear uncle, our situation, but you never can realize it in its fulness. Already we tremble in our own homes in anticipation and expectancy of what is liable to burst forth at any moment, a negro insurrection. Could you see the care and precaution displayed here by the proprietors of the negroes, not only planters but others, you would not for a moment envy us our possessions. Not a night passes that we do not securely lock our field servants in their quarters; but our most loved and valued house servants, who in ordinary times we would trust to any extent, are watched and guarded against with all the scrutiny and care that we possess. Our planters and owners of slave-property do not allow their servants to have any intercourse with each other, and the negroes are confined strictly to the premises where they belong. We are all obliged to increase our force of overseers to prevent too free intercourse even among our own servants. The negroes feel and notice these new restraints, add naturally ask, 'Why is this?' But it is unnecessary for them to ask the question, for they all comprehend the cause as well as we who own them. They have already learned enough to give them an idea of what is going on in the state and nation, and this knowledge they have not gained from abolitionists, as some suppose, but from the conversation of their owners indirectly held in their presence. They have already heard of Lincoln's election, and have heard also that he is for giving them their liberty, and you may imagine the result.

"You have heard that our servants all love their masters, and their masters' families, and would lay down their lives for them—that the colored race in the South prefer slavery to freedom—that they would not be free if they could, etc., etc. That is but the *poetry* of the case, the *reality* consists in sleeping upon our arms at night—in double-bolting and barring our doors—in establishing and maintaining an efficient patrol force—in buying watch dogs, and in taking turns in watching our sleeping children, to guard them and ourselves from the vengeance of these same 'loving servants'—a vengeance which, though now smouldering, is liable to burst out at any moment, to overwhelm the state in spite of the Palmetto flags or state precautions.

"You at the North are not the only ones who are suffering financially by this new panic. The planters among us are really suffering from the depreciation in their property. Already negroes are not worth half-price. No one dares to buy a servant, fearing lest he, in doing so, should be introducing upon his plantation one tinctured with the idea of freedom.

"My husband has but a few servants—I believe but thirty-one all told—still I feel (and so does he) that they are thirty cousins many in such times as these. He would sell them immediately, if it were possible, but the truth is he could realize nothing for them at present, or at most not over half their real value. Slaves are a drug in the market, my husband says, and you know him well enough to judge of his judgment in such matters.

"Now, one word as to the military force of the state, to protect us against an insurrection. I presume, with the exception of Charleston, and perhaps a few large towns, that the remainder of the state is situated very much as we are here; and I will give you an idea of how well prepared we are to resist a mob. Upon our place of about 1,200 acres we have: Of whites, males—husband, two overseers, and my son of eighteen years—total, four; females—self and cousin, little Lucy and one of the overseers' wives—four; of whom only four at the most are capable of bearing arms—to offset which we have at least seventeen field-hands, sturdy young negroes, besides the female servants. And this is a fair representation of the force upon our plantations. Considering such a state of facts, do you blame me for desiring to absent myself, my husband and children, from the state?"

To what is this frightful condition of things to be attributed? The President says "to the incessant and violent agitation of the slavery question throughout the *North*." But have Northern anti-slavery orators reached the ears of the slave population of the South? Have Mr. Garrison, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Sumner, Mr. Beecher, Dr. Cheever, been on a crusade over Southern plantations? Have the negroes read *The Liberator* and *The Independent*?

The slave-owners themselves have sown the seeds of insurrection. Their agitation against the abolitionists of the North, has made the very air of the South quick with the impulses of freedom. Cruelty begets fear, and slavery lives by cruelty. Injustice reacts in terrors upon the oppressor; and slavery is one stupendous system of injustice. The masters of the South know that they have no hold upon their slaves but by the restraints of cruelty. They dare not trust their slaves with arms; they dare not trust themselves without them.

Would it relieve this state of things at the South to dissolve the Union? One would smile at the suggestion, were it not for the portentous horrors that dissolution brings into view. The first necessity of a confederacy of slave states would be a standing army to protect one-half the population from the other. But a standing army would bring in a military despotism; and in the struggles of ambitious men for power, the slaves would be enlisted, like feudal retainers, or would seize their opportunity for an uprising. We shudder at the thought of what secession means for those who are madly plunging into it, to escape the moral necessity of abolishing slavery by peaceable means. Yet it may be that He who avengeth iniquity hath determined to make the doom of slavery the doom of the masters also!

IT CAN BE DONE.

The American Board purpose to raise $400,000 for their work in the year closing September, 1861. We have faith that this will be done. The experience of the last fifty years in the work of foreign missions, warrants the belief that the resources of Christian benevolence will increase in the ratio of the work itself. In 1810 young Adoniram Judson, burning with missionary zeal, wrote to the London Missionary Society to see whether they would send out three or four students of Andover Seminary in the hope that "the funds would ultimately be reimbursed by supplies from the American churches." The faith of our missionary pioneers had to negotiate in the market of British benevolence for the means of beginning their work! The Directors of the London Society replied, that while willing to assume the support of the young men, they did not doubt that the American churches would supply their own Board with funds so liberal, that "not only four, but forty, may go forth as missionaries to the heathen." The American Board did send forth those four young men at its own expense; and in the half century just closed, it has added not forty but more than 400 to the list of its ordained missionaries, making, with their wives and assistants, 1,257 sent out by the Board from this country; and to-day this one Society has in the foreign field nearly 400 American laborers, with 460 native preachers and helpers, and some 400 teachers—a total force of 1,300.

In the present condition of our foreign missionary service, it is quite humiliating to recall the fact that four students at Andover having, as they expressed it, a "passion for missions," and ready with their lives in their hands to go to the heathen, despairing of pecuniary support from the churches of their native land, made application to the London Missionary Society to be commissioned and sent out under its auspices; and that the American Board in the first year of its existence had so small an income that it proposed a union mission with the London Society, until the Board should be able to stand alone! To-day that Board needs $400,000, to meet its obligations for the current year. Can we doubt that this sum will be raised?

The growth of this one Board has demonstrated the capability of Christians to do what Christ has laid upon them by his Word and his providence for the extension of his kingdom. When it was resolved to send forth the first missionaries upon the responsibility of American Christians, the churches met that responsibility; and the receipts of the Board advanced from $1,000 in 1811 to $14,000 in 1812, and to $40,000 in 1820; and so with every new demand of the work—though there have been fluctuations in the receipts according to the financial condition of the country—yet the capability of the churches to meet their responsibility in evangelizing the world has been fully proved. Latent resources have been brought out. And there is more money yet to come. Notwithstanding the great increase in the *gross* of the receipts of the Board, that increase has not been in proportion to the growth of population and prosperity in the country. In 1810 the population of the U. S. was 7,000,000; it is now 30,000,000. In 1810 our exports and imports were $150,000,000; they are now upward of $600,000,000. The churches have shared in this enormous increase of numbers and wealth. In 1810 the steam-boat was a recent invention, and it had not entered the mind of the most enthusiastic inventor to conceive of the railroad and the telegraph. Now these facilities of intercommunication are enriching this country beyond all precedent. There is a corresponding ability in the churches to meet the growing demands of God's providence in the missionary fields. Since the organization of the American Board, the Old-School Presbyterian Church, the Reformed Dutch, and other smaller branches, have withdrawn and established their own Boards of Missions, who are doing a good work in various fields. The American Board remains as the channel of Congregationalists, and those N.-S. Presbyterians who continue their co-operation.

But take Congregationalists alone. Their churches have 260,000 members. The receipts of the Board for the last year, exclusive of legacies and special subscription for debt, were $302,000. About one-third of this came from Presbyterian sources, leaving only 80 cents per head for each Congregational church-member. Yet the *church*-property of Congregationalists is valued at about $10,000,000, and their private property is in proportion. There are capabilities in the churches yet to be developed, equal to all possible demands of the missionary work. Let no cry of panic and no plea of retrenchment in personal or family expenses curtail the contributions of Christ's people to his cause.

WESTERN AFRICA.

Mr. Robert Campbell, who has recently returned from a tour of exploration in the Yarriba region of western Central Africa, read an interesting narrative of his tour before the American Geographical Society at its regular meeting on Thursday last. Mr. Campbell was formerly principal of a school for colored children in Philadelphia, and is a gentleman of very respectable attainments. He visited Africa mainly at his own cost, assisted by a few friends, with a view to ascertain the capabilities of the western coast for cotton culture, and the facilities there offered for Christian civilization through emigration from the United States. He was accompanied by Dr. Delaney, whose appearance in the Statistical Congress at London, was made prominent by Lord Brougham.

Mr. Campbell was introduced to the Geographical Society, in handsome terms, by Rev. Dr. Bethune, who adverted briefly to the prominence of Ethiopia in ancient civilization. The region traversed by Mr. Campbell lies back of Logos, adjoining the kingdom of Dahomey, midway between Cape Palmas and the Gaboon. Mr. Campbell's address was in excellent taste, and gave much valuable geographical and statistical information. We forbear to report it, because the same matter, in an enlarged form, will be published in book-form within a few days. After the address, Mr. Campbell was questioned on various points by members of the Society, and his answers were prompt and satisfactory. Two points were noticeable:—that slavery among the Africans is less barbarous and degrading than in this country; and that the cotton raised by free labor in Africa, will more than compete in the Liverpool market with the cotton shipped from New Orleans. Mr. Campbell exhibited specimens of the natural productions of the country, and of native manufactures.

On motion of Dr. Thompson, the thanks of the Society were rendered to Mr. Campbell for his instructive and valuable address, and Mr. C. was then highly complimented by Rev. Dr. Hawks, President of the Society. Lord Brougham himself would have been gratified at the reception given by an American Scientific society to the companion of Dr. Delaney. Men of science in this country, whatever their political affinities, know how to respect intelligence and character, wherever found.

We bespeak for Mr. Campbell's little volume a wide sale; first, because of its intrinsic value, and, also, because its avails will enable Mr. C. to remove his family to Central Africa, on a mission of civilization.

KIDNAPPING IN NEW YORK.

We are glad to see that in New York a black man has rights which the courts feel bound to respect. Judge Mullin, in his charge to the Grand Jury, called attention to the late outrage upon personal liberty, in the kidnapping of John Thomas.

That a free man has been kidnapped in the streets of New York, carried to Virginia, and there sold to a Southern trader; that this was done with the connivance of the United States Marshal of this District; that it was done by a concerted plot; that it was done in open day, and yet without even the possibility of hindrance—all this the case of John Thomas most clearly shows. A late number of *The Richmond Enquirer* had the following item: "Sold.—John Thomas, slave to Mr. Winter of Louisville, Ky., who was brought here a few days since from New York, as a runaway, was sold on Tuesday for $700 to a trader."

It is not denied that John Thomas was *once* the slave of Mr. Winter in Kentucky; but his master voluntarily took him into the free state of Indiana, and there hired out his services to another. By that act, according to all law, precedent, and justice, John Thomas was made a free man. He used his liberty by coming to this city. Here he found employment, and proved himself capable, honest, and industrious. A fortnight since he was seized and hurried to the U. S. court-room, and there confined with the strictest secrecy. By throwing a note out of the window—for John Thomas can write—he contrived to get a message to his employer. A writ of habeas corpus was at once taken out, but Marshal Rynders produced another John Thomas, while the victim of the plot was hurried away to the Richmond slave-market and there sold to a trader.

Is this what Mr. Buchanan means when he insists that the Fugitive-Slave Law shall be executed "with vigor?" Is the liberty of a *man*—a man free by the laws of the state in which he lives, by the common law, by the uniform construction of the Constitution—to be at the mercy of official hirelings and slave-traders? Is there no redress for such an outrage upon the freedom of the North, and the sanctuary of that freedom in a sovereign state?

As yet New York has no Personal Liberty Bill. Is it not time that we had in this state, a law that would bring to condign punishment the perpetrators of such an outrage as this? Ought not the State of New York to give adequate protection to the personal liberty of any man upon her soil? We call upon the Legislature, at its approaching session, to pass a law that shall make kidnapping for ever impossible within the Empire State.

THE BOSTON RIOTERS.

When Captain Isaiah Rynders essays to break up an anti-slavery meeting in this city, it is well understood that he acts for political effect, and with a view to political reward. His Marshalship under Mr. Buchanan was well earned. The broadcloth rioters at Tremont Temple and Music Hall in Boston, were avowedly actuated by political motives—to pacify the South and save the Union,—though they themselves would be mobbed at the South, as Professor Mitchell was threatened, if they should there declaim in behalf of the Union.

As Mr. Buchanan is about to retire from office, and the Southern dynasty at Washington is drawing to an end, it is difficult to see what political reward the Boston rioters can hope for, unless it shall be the meager consolships that the Southern Confederacy may seek to establish in Northern ports. Perhaps, however, a continued interest in Southern trade would be as satisfactory to these rioters and their backers as any political promotion. It is a pity that they should work without pay; and that they may not fall of some reward, we give them the gratuitous benefit of a conspicuous advertisement.

The leading rioter at Tremont Temple, the Rynders of the day, was Richard S. Fay, who hails from Lynn, but is said also to have a house on Beacon street, Boston. It was no more respectable, and no less contemptible, for Richard S. Fay to usurp the direction of a meeting called by others, and to insult Mr. Frederic Douglass, than it was for Isaiah Rynders to do precisely the same thing at the old Tabernacle in this city, a few years ago.

The chief ally of Richard S. Fay, was James Murray Howe of Brookline. All the reports of the riot at the Temple agree in making this Fay and Howe the ringleaders of the rioters. Henceforth let them be recognized and remembered as such. But as the names of Fay and Howe are borne also by gentlemen of respectability and character in Massachusetts, these two rioters should be carefully identified by their Christian names and their places of residence. The Boston correspondent of *The Tribune* adds quite a list of secondary names; but as the reward of the rioters may be too small for subdivision, the credit of the affair should go in the first instance to *Richard S.* Fay of Lynn, and *James Murray* Howe of Brookline. With such competitors Rynders must look well to his standing with the South. The kidnapping of John Thomas was hardly so illustrious a deed, as the forcible ejection of Mr. Frederic Douglass from a hall hired and paid for by his personal friends. When the "Union Men of Boston" undertake the violent suppression of free speech, the old Empire Club of this city must look well to its laurels.

UP-TOWN CHURCHES.

A favorable beginning has been made by the West Presbyterian church (Carmine street) toward establishing a new church in the upper part of the city. Rev. Mr. Hastings is drawing around him a good congregation in the Rutgers Institute chapel, on the Fifth avenue, while by means of an assistant, regular worship is also maintained in the Carmine-street church. A similar movement has been inaugurated by the Broome-street church, in connection with the friends of Rev. Dr. Prentiss. Dr. P. having returned from Europe in good health, has agreed to minister for the present to a new congregation meeting in the Home chapel in Twenty-ninth street. The design is ultimately to organize a new Presbyterian church upon the basis and with the resources of the Broome-street church. There is room for both these enterprises. The New-School Presbyterians have no church north of Madison square, excepting Dr. Hatfield's on the far west of the city. Both Dr. Adams's and Dr. Hatfield's churches are filled to overflowing. In the new Brick church (Old-School) not a pew can be obtained. In the Broadway Tabernacle church, (Congregational,) the new rental has increased from $6,000, in May, 1859, when the house was opened, to upwards of $11,000 in Nov., 1860; and though the house is not yet completely filled, the congregation is larger than the capacity of most city churches. The new Baptist church on Madison avenue, (Dr. Hague's,) opens with encouraging prospects. There is room, therefore, for new church-enterprises up town. We shall be glad to see both Mr. Hastings and Dr. Prenti

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Notices.

New York Infirmary Fair and Entertainment.—The ladies of the N. Y. Infirmary for Women and Children will hold their Fifth Annual Fair and Entertainment on Thursday and Friday, the 13th and 14th inst., in the rooms of the Institution, No. 128 Second avenue, near Eighth street. The evening entertainments will consist of addresses from Hon. Henry J. Raymond and Rev. Octavius Frothingham; dramatic readings by Mrs. E. F. Eliot, and singing by Mrs. Patton, (Abby Hutchinson,) accompanied with the harp and violin. Admission to the Fair during the daytime will be free; tickets for the evening can be obtained at the door. 628

TO CHURCHES AND SEMINARIES.

AN ORGANIST AND TEACHER OF MUSIC, of proved ability and success, with an experience of nearly ten years, and with the liberty of referring to all the leading composers and critics—being under the necessity of hurriedly leaving his present Southern residence on account of the well-known Epidemic—desires to obtain a situation in some Northern or Western city.

Address "ORGANIST," Care of the Editors of *The Independent*, N. Y., or of *Dwight's Journal of Music*, Boston. 627-629

The Thirteenth Anniversary of the Sunday-school Missionary Society of Allen-street Presbyterian church will be held in that church, (Allen street, near Grand,) on Sabbath evening next 16th inst., at 7 o'clock. Addresses may be expected by Rev. James C. Fletcher, missionary to Brazil, and Rev. B. W. Chidlaw, Sunday-school missionary. The children will be present, and sing as usual. 628

The Rev. Dr. Wm. R. Williams, of the Baptist Church, will preside at the Prayer-Meeting of the New York Young Men's Christian Association on Saturday evening next, and the Rev. Dr. Lot Jones, of the Episcopal Church, on Wednesday following. These meetings are held in the rooms of the Association Nos. 817 and 819 Broadway, every Wednesday and Saturday evening, from 8½ to 9½ P.M. 628

KOLAPOOR MISSION.

RECEIPTS IN CASTLETON, VERMONT.

Previously acknowledged	$211 60
Benjamin F. Adams	10 00
J. Hope	5 00
Mrs. W. C. Guernsey	10 00
R. B. and Hyde Wetmore (and also a sewing-machine)	5 00
B. F. Langdon	10 00
Rev. E. J. Hallock	3 00
Dea. Meniva Caswell	3 00
Calvin Griswold	5 00
Miss Ellen Beckwith	5 00
T. W. Rice	2 00
Mrs. Ainsworth	1 00
J. Perkins	5 00
Dr. J. Perkins	5 00
Miss Marston	75
By J. Hope	$79 75
	$291 35

The West Twenty-third-street Church Partially Consumed by Fire.—A Card from the Pastor.

NEW YORK N. 96 West Twenty-second st., Dec 10, 1860.

The West Twenty-third-street Presbyterian Church (Rev. Frederick G. Clark, Pastor) was found to be on fire at 6 o'clock on Saturday evening last. The organ was entirely destroyed, and considerable damage done to adjacent parts of the building.

The property was insured for upwards of twenty thousand dollars. The damage, therefore, is amply covered; the chief misfortune being that the congregation will be deprived of their place of worship for a few months. At a meeting of the officers of the church immediately held, it was reported that *five different churches* had been put at our service—the invitation from two of these reaching us almost before the fire was extinguished. It was the unanimous wish of the church-officers that prolite acknowledgment should be made of the marked courtesy which has been extended to us on every side.

The Lecture-Room is uninjured; so that the usual Lecture will be delivered on Friday evening next, and the Sunday-school will be held *in its usual place*, on Sabbath morning. The Public Worship of the Congregation will be held next Sabbath at the usual hours, in the commodious Chapel of the Twenty-third-st. ret Reformed Dutch Church, (Rev. Mr. Ganse's,) entrance on Twenty-fourth street, in the rear of that church.

628 FREDERICK G. CLARK Pastor.

Married.

LONG—HENSHAW—in Batavia, N. Y., at the house of Judge Taggart, on Thursday last Thanksgiving Day, by Rev. Samuel H. Cox, Mr John C. Long of Westfield to Miss Fannie C. Henshaw of the former place.

Business Notices.

Guardian Life Insurance Co.

OF NEW YORK,

Continental Bank Building,

NO. 7 NASSAU STREET.

DIRECTORS:

JAMES T. SOUTTER	President Bank of the Republic.
WM. T. HOOKER	President Continental Bank.
WM. M. VERMILYE	Banker.
ROBT. SOUTTER	Vice-Pres. Del. & Had. Canal Co.
CHAS G. ROCKWOOD	Cashier Newark Banking Co.
MINOT C. MORGAN	Firm of Winslow, Lanier & Co.
THOMAS RIGNEY	" Thos. Rigney & Co.
JOHN T. AGNEW	" Wm. Agnew & Sons.
JOHN J. CRANE	" Bucklin & Crane.
WM. W. WRIGHT	" W. W. Wright & Co.
WILLIAM ALLEN	" Allen, McLean & Balkley.
GEO. OPDYKE	" Geo. Opdyke & Co.
E. V. HAUGHWOUT	" E. V. Haughwout & Co.
WM. TAYLOR HALL	" Hall & Loney, Baltimore.
WM. WILKENS	" W. Wilkens & Co., "
R. T. R. GIBSON	Merchant.
W. R. PECKHAM	Corner 5th avenue and 23d street.
FRANCIS W. TAPPAN	Commercial Agency.
JOHN R SHERWOOD	Park place.
JAMES W. HALSTED	Guardian Life Ins. Co.
FREDERIC W. MACY	Goodhue Ins. Co.

JAMES W. HALSTED, President.
I. SMITH HOMANS, Jr., Actuary.

HENRY V. GAHAGAN, Secretary.
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Policies issued on the Mutual plan in all the various forms, including

POLICIES TO MERCANTILE FIRMS, VIZ.:

To the Junior Partners on the Life of the Member who furnishes the Capital, or the one whose business abilities and extended acquaintance are relied upon for the continuance of the business.

Policies Granted to Churches on the Life of their Minister, for the benefit of his Family.

DIVIDENDS DECLARED EVERY THREE YEARS.

Premiums payable in Cash, Quarterly, Semi-Annually, or Annually, in Advance.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THIS CITY.

N.B.—Money to Loan on Bond and Mortgage to Responsible Parties on first-class Improved Real Estate. 625-631

FIRE INSURANCE.

SECURITY AND ECONOMY.

CASH CAPITAL, $500,000.

75 PER CENT. TO THE INSURED.

LORILLARD
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
NO. 31 WALL STREET.

THE INSURED PARTICIPATE IN THE PROFITS without any liability whatever.

This Company having increased their Capital to HALF A MILLION DOLLARS, will hereafter allow to dealers a participation in the net profits to the extent of SEVENTY-FIVE PER CENT., or, when preferred, a liberal discount will be made from the standard rates.

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Chicago, Illinois,

Offer their services to persons who reside at the East, who wish to lend money at the West, at ten per cent. interest, secured by bond and mortgage, or in making collections. Having been engaged in this business several years, they are able to refer to a large number of correspondents residing at different points at the East, whose names will be furnished, with a circular giving details of business, to any one who chooses to apply by mail. 616-637

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Office, No. 92 Broadway,
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NOTE.—This is the only Company in America that combines all the advantages of the "Stock" and "Mutual" plan.

ALL THE PROFITS ARE DIVIDED AMONG THE POLICY-HOLDERS ALONE.

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Policies granted in all the most approved plans.

Dividends every Five years.

Parties intending to assure their lives may find it to their decided advantage to send for the documents of this Society.

Agents wanted in this city and throughout the United States.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES OFFERED TO THE CLERGY.

Chicago Agency,
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627-639

THE EQUITABLE
Life Assurance Society,
NO. 99 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Persons desiring REMUNERATIVE EMPLOYMENT will find it to their advantage to act as AGENTS for this Society. 607-636

THE

GROVER & BAKER
NOISELESS
Family Sewing - Machine

is rapidly superseding all others for family use. The DOUBLE LOCK STITCH formed by this Machine is found to be *the only one* which survives the wash-tub on bias seams, and, therefore, the only one permanently valuable for Family Sewing.

READ THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONY:

The undersigned, CLERGYMEN OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, having purchased and used in our families "GROVER & BAKER'S CELEBRATED FAMILY SEWING-MACHINE," take pleasure in recommending it as an instrument fully combining the essentials of a good machine. Its beautiful simplicity, ease of management, and the strength and elasticity of its stitch, unite to render it a machine unsurpassed by any in the market, and one which we feel confident will give satisfaction to all who may purchase and use it.

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SEND FOR A CIRCULAR. 617tf

THE

Ladd, Webster & Co.
SEWING-MACHINE
May now be had for Fifty Dollars.

We are happy to inform the public that although we have hitherto sustained the price of our Sewing-Machines at Eighty-Five Dollars, in the face of a reduction some two years ago to Fifty Dollars by all our competitors, and although our sales have been constantly on the rise, the ratio of increase being greater than that of any other concern, as seen by the official reports, we have nevertheless determined on meeting the wants of a class who have hitherto been unable to purchase our instrument; and with this object in view, we now offer

The Best Sewing-Machine in the World
AT 50 DOLLARS.

This grade is not so highly ornamented as some of our other styles, but for all practical purposes it is precisely the same.

LADD, WEBSTER & CO.,
No. 500 Broadway,
616tf NEW YORK.

Wheeler & Wilson's
SEWING-MACHINES.
NEW IMPROVEMENTS—REDUCED PRICES.

THE WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO. beg to state that, in the reduction of the prices of their Sewing-Machines, the public shall have the benefit of the decisions of the United States Courts in favor of their patents. This reduction is made in the belief that they will hereafter have no litigation expenses in defense of their rights. The Wheeler & Wilson Sewing-Machines will now be sold at rates that will pay fair profits on the capital invested, cost of manufacture, and expense of making sales—such prices as will enable the Company, as heretofore, to sell first-class Machines, and warrant them in every particular.

They are adapted to every want that can be supplied by a Sewing-Machine, and approved alike by Families, Dress Makers, Corset Makers, Gaiter Fitters, Shoe Binders, Vest Makers, and Tailors generally.

☞ Each Machine complete with a Hommer.

OFFICE NO. 505 BROADWAY, N. Y.

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624tf

New American Watch.

IN ORDER TO MEET THE REQUIREMENTS OF GENtlemen who prefer a thinner watch than those usually made by us, we have lately issued a new style of watch on the three-quarter plate model, especially designed for this purpose.

In establishing this new series, it has also been our design to produce a watch in every way superior to the best and highest priced products of the most reputable of English and Swiss watch manufacturers; and no labor or expense has been spared to this end.

In all respects of fine and durable material, of external and internal finish, of accurate compensation and adjustment, of mathematically just proportions, and of *practical results*, our new three-quarter plate watch challenges comparison with any in the world.

FOR THE AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY OF WALTHAM, MASS.

ROBBINS & APPLETON, Agents,

618-643 No. 182 Broadway, N. Y.

FOR CHAPPED HANDS.

Pure Old Palm Soap.
ECONOMIC SOAP,
FOR FAMILY, WASHING, AND LAUNDRY USE,
In 75lb. Boxes, 100 Pieces.
J. C. HULL'S SONS,
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FINKLE & LYON
Sewing-Machine Company,
NO. 538 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Price Reduced.

IMPORTANT FACTS.

FACT No. 1.—This Company being duly licensed, their Machines are protected against infringements or litigation.

FACT No. 2.—These Machines make the lock-stitch,—alike on both sides,—and use a little more than half as much thread or silk as the chain or loop-stitch machines.

FACT No. 3.—These Machines are better adapted than any other sewing-machines in market to the frequent changes and almost endless variety of sewing required in a family. They will sew from one to twenty thicknesses of Marseilles without stopping, and make every stitch perfect. They will even sew from the finest gauze to the heaviest cloth, and even stout, hard leather, without changing the feed, needle, or tension, or making any adjustment of machine whatever. Is not such a machine best adapted to family use? and if most adapted to family use, why not for every variety of light sewing manufacture? For work too heavy for our Family Machine, we recommend our larger sizes.

FACT No. 4.—These Machines make the most elastic seam of any sewing-machine in use—a fact of very great importance in sewing elastic goods, or goods of any kind on a bias.

FACT No. 5.—No Machine is more durable or more simple in its construction, or more easily understood.

The reputation of these Machines wherever used will fully demonstrate each of the above FACTS.

FACT No. 6.—These Machines took the Highest Premium at the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia.

FACT No. 7.—These Machines took the Highest Premium at the New Jersey State Fair.

FACT No. 8.—These Machines took the Highest Medal at the American Institute, in the city of New York, together with the Highest Premium for fine Sewing Machine Work.

FACT No. 9.—These Machines took both the Highest Premiums at the Mechanics' Fair, Utica, N. Y.

FACT No. 10.—These machines can do the SAME thing generally, whenever properly exhibited in competition with other first-class Sewing-Machines. But we have space for only one FACT more—it is the most important Fact of all.

FACT No. 11.—We warrant every Machine we sell to give BETTER satisfaction than any other Sewing-Machine in market, or money refunded.

N. B.—Send for a Circular. Agents wanted. 625tf

SINGER'S
Best Manufacturing Machines

Will be hired out for the present, at low rates, to residents of New York, Brooklyn, and Williamsburg. The rent will be deducted from the price in case of a purchase.

I. M. SINGER & CO.,
606tf No. 458 Broadway.

"THE WASHING MACHINE."
CATARACT

NO. 494 BROADWAY.

Washing without rubbing or wear, entirely by the action of water.

SIMPLE, CHEAP, DURABLE, EFFECTUAL.

Prices $12, $14, and $16.

SULLIVAN & HYATT,
Wholesale Office, No. 54 Beekman street, N. Y.
624-cowtf

PERFECT FITTING

SSSSSS	HHHH HHHH		IIIII
SS SS	HH HH		II
SS SS	HH HH		II
SS	HH HH		II
SS	HHHHHHHH		II
SS SS	HH HH		II
SS SS	HH HH		II
SSSSSS	HHHH HHHH		IIIII
RRRRRRR	TTTTTTTTT	SSSSSS	
RR RR	TT	SS SS	
RR RR	TT	SS	SS
RRRRRRR	TT	SS	
RR RR	TT	SS	SS
RR RR	TT	SS	SS
RRRR RRRR	TTTT	SSSSSS	

Ward, from London,
NO. 387 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,
UP STAIRS.

RETAILED AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

Made to Measure at $18 per doz., or Six for $9.

MADE OF NEW YORK MILLS MUSLIN,

With fine linen bosoms, and warranted as good a Shirt as sold in retail stores at $2 50 each.

ALSO, THE VERY BEST SHIRTS THAT CAN BE MADE AT $2 EACH.

P.S.—Those who think I cannot make a good shirt for $18 per dozen are mistaken. Here is the cost of one dozen $18 fine shirts:

30 yards of York Mills muslin, at 14½c. per yard	$4 35
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Making and cutting	6 00
Laundry, $1; buttons and cotton, 50 cents	1 50
Profit	2 65
Total	$18 00

SELF-MEASUREMENT FOR SHIRTS.

Printed directions sent free everywhere, and so easy to understand, that any one can take their own measure for shirts. I warrant a good fit. The cash to be paid to the Express Company on receipt of goods. 606-cowtf

HUNTINGTON'S SHIRTS,
No. 139 Atlantic street,
BROOKLYN.

SHIRTS TO ORDER, from Best Materials. Complete measure, Careful Cutting, and

NO SALE IF NOT TO PLEASE.

Sample Shirts made on approbation. 602-643

Clothing! Clothing!!
FOR
FALL AND WINTER.

JOSEPH BRYAN,
NO. 214 FULTON STREET,
Between Clark and Pineapple sts., Brooklyn,
Is now offering his
IMMENSE ASSORTMENT
(larger than ever)
OF MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING,
at greatly reduced prices.
Also, an extensive stock of
COATINGS, PANTALOON STUFFS, AND VESTINGS,
Adapted to the season.
621-630 JOSEPH BRYAN, No. 214 Fulton street.

Fall and Winter.

I AM NOW PREPARED TO OFFER ONE OF THE largest and most extensive stocks of Ready-Made FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING ever offered in this city. This stock is all new, manufactured from the latest importations, cut and made in the most tasty style and fashionable manner. Articles in this line will be sold less than at any other establishment in the city. Youths' and Boys' Clothing, School Outfits, etc., in every variety. Custom-Room and Furnishing Department not excelled in taste, style, or fit. In every instance where parties are not pleased their money will be returned.

F. B. BALDWIN, Nos. 70 and 72 Bowery.
The largest store in the city. 616-630

SAVE YOUR CARPETS!

Harrington's Patent Carpet Lining.

A substitute for paper, straw, or any other article used under Carpets, Oil-Cloth, or Matting.

It preserves the Carpet from nail-heads or any unevenness in the Floor, it muffles the sound of footsteps, prevents any friction between the Carpet and Floor, and adds fifty per cent. in the durability of Carpets, Oil-Cloth, or Matting. It is one yard wide, (same width as Ingrain Carpeting,) and any length required. To be obtained at any of the principal Carpet Stores in the United States. It costs but a few cents per yard.

N. Y. Carpet Lining Co.,
SOLE MANUFACTURERS,
No. 440 Pearl street, New York. 618-629

A Distressing Cough causes the friends of the sufferer as much pain as the sufferer himself. DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY will certainly cure coughs, colds, arrest Consumption, and that speedily. When did it ever fail? 629

LACE CURTAINS.
Rosine, Solforino, Magenta
BROCATELLES
AND
DAMASKS.

CURTAINS, VALENCES,
DRAPERIES, and LAMBREQUINS,
Made to Order by the best
Upholsterers.

BUFF, WHITE, AND GOLD-BAND
Window-Shades,
FOR
CHURCHES, STORES, AND PRIVATE DWELLINGS.
ALSO,
A FULL STOCK OF
Furniture Coverings,
SILK AND WOOL REPS, PRINTED LASTINGS,
CORNICES, BANDS, ETC.
ALSO,
Satin Delaines, Cotelines,
ETC., ETC., ETC.,
For sale at
25 PER CENT. LESS THAN USUAL PRICES,
AT
359 BROADWAY. **359**
G. L. & J. B. Kelty.
628

Rich Goods for the Holidays.

A. C. BENEDICT'S OLD STAND,
Established at No. 28 Bowery in 1818.

A Splendid assortment of Watches and Chains, Jewelry, Silver and plated Ware, etc. All goods at very low prices, and warranted as represented. Sole AGENT for

LOUIS RICHARD'S EXTRA FINE RUBY JEWELED LEVERS,

A very desirable Watch for those whose business requires PERFECT TIME. A. C. BENEDICT, No. 28 Bowery. 625-639

Fall Boots and Shoes
OF
SUPERIOR QUALITY
AT
MODERATE PRICES.
WATKINS, 114 FULTON STREET, AND 387 BROADWAY.
P.S.—Boys' Boots and Shoes made a specialty. 605tf

PAPER-HANGINGS.

A LARGE AND SPLENDID STOCK
OF
French, English, and American
PAPER-HANGINGS,
SELLING OFF BELOW COST TO CLOSE THE BUSINESS.
Charles Hobbs & Son,
NO. 829 BROADWAY.

N.B.—The Painting business will be continued at the above number as heretofore. 621-633

It Pays! It Pays!! It Pays!!!

WHAT PAYS? Why, a little out of the way in these hard times for richly silver-plated HOLIDAY PRESENTS. WHERE SHALL WE GO? Why, to the well known store of

LUCIUS HART,
Nos. 4 and 6 Burling slip, New York.

Communion Furniture.

Silver-Plated and Britannia COMMUNION SETS, of various patterns and prices, to suit the wants of all.

A liberal discount to the Trade and also to Mission churches, at the old stand of LUCIUS HART,
628-630 Nos. 4 and 6 Burling slip, New York.

Sanford's Challenge Heaters
PORTABLE AND SET IN BRICK,

Are pronounced by the most competent judges to be *the best* in market, giving the *largest amount* of heat with *the least fuel*, owing to their being so constructed as to *burn the gases and smoke* and with *extensive radiating surface*, arranged to warm the air rapidly to a *soft summer heat*. Eight sizes, adapted to warming one or two rooms only, or a whole house, CHURCHES, ACADEMIES, PUBLIC HALLS, etc., etc. *Send for book of description and testimonials* from some of the *most respected citizens* of New York and elsewhere.

THE CHALLENGE AIR-TIGHT KITCHEN RANGE, suited equally to wood or coal, *burns the gases and smoke, sifts its ashes*, has eight openings for boiling, BAKES WITHOUT BURNING OR SMELL OF SMOKE, *and without interrupting boiling*; OVENS unusually large, yet BAKING QUICKLY and *well at the bottom*; fires very deep, and easily cleaned; water-backs, if desired; CASTINGS, EXTRA STRONG; three sizes. A PREMIUM over all others was *awarded* at the late NEW JERSEY STATE FAIR.

COSMOPOLITE GAS-BURNING AIR-TIGHT PARLOR RADIATOR AND VENTILATOR.

A new invention by W. SANFORD.

This beautiful Stove is all its name denotes. By an ingenious, yet simple arrangement of flues, it is so contrived as effectually to burn the gases and smoke, *filling the interior with a brilliant blue blaze*, and radiating the heat so completely *that the bottom of the stove is as hot as any other part*.

Besides this, there is a very convenient contrivance invented expressly for this stove, whereby *the perfect combustion of the coal is secured, with great economy, and at the same time the impure air is drawn out of the room*. FIRE MAY BE KEPT ALL WINTER WITHOUT GOING OUT. SANFORD'S MAMMOTH GLOBE HEATER (see book of letters) is the only Heater that has stood the test for seven years in our Railroad Depots, Stores, etc., etc., etc.

SANFORD, TROWBOW & CO.,
Nos. 239 and 241 Water street.

Manufacturers also of a great variety of Cooking and Heating Stoves, adapted to every want. 618 630

Furniture!! Furniture!!!
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
BY
DEGRAAF & TAYLOR,
(Formerly H. P. DEGRAAF,)
NO. 87 BOWERY, NEW YORK.

This establishment is six stories in hight, and extends 242 feet through to No. 65 Christie street, making it one of the LARGEST FURNITURE HOUSES in the United States. They are prepared to offer great inducements to the Wholesale Trade, for Cash or Time. Their stock consists in part of ROSEWOOD, MAHOGANY, and WALNUT

PARLOR AND CHAMBER FURNITURE.

Also, Cane and Wood Seat-work, all qualities; Hair, Husk, and Spring Mattresses, a large stock; Enameled Chamber Furniture, in sets, from $22 to $100. Jenny Lind and Extension Post Bedsteads, 5 feet wide. Their facilities for manufacturing defy competition.

☞ All work guaranteed as represented. ☜ No goods retailed on time. 610-631

UNDERGARMENTS,
Hosiery,
AND
Men's Furnishing Goods.
A GREAT ASSORTMENT AT LOW PRICES.
Dress Shirts to Order.
A. RANKIN & CO.,
NO. 96 BOWERY.
ESTABLISHED IN 1823. 627-630

Gentlemen's
FURNISHING GOODS
AND
Winter Hosiery,
IN SILK, MERINO, AND LAMB'S-WOOL,
OF THE BEST QUALITIES.
With the most recent styles of
SCARFS, TIES, GLOVES, DRESSING-GOWNS, ETC.
SHIRTS made to Order from Measure.
F. C. KEMPTON,
(Successor to JOHN M. DAVIES & CO.,)
621-633 No. 106 William st., cor John st., N. Y.

THE LATEST AND MOST APPROVED STYLES
OF
Wedding-Cards
Engraved and Printed in a Superior Manner by
HYATT,
625-632 Cor. of Maiden lane and Broadway.

Established Twenty Years.

HIRAM ANDERSON, at No. 90 Bowery, is now opening a splendid stock of Fall Carpets, consisting of English, Medallion, Velvet Brussels, (also real Brussels,) Three-ply, and Ingrain Carpets. Rugs, Mats, Matting, Oil-cloths, etc., at prices far below any quoted in our city. 615tf

Fine Tea-Trays,
SILVER-PLATED WARE, STEEL FIRE SETS,
POCKET AND TABLE CUTLERY,
In great variety, at the
HOUSE-FURNISHING STORE
OF WHITE & NICHOLS,
620-632 No. 209 Fulton street, Brooklyn.

Davis's Pain-Killer.

I have used Davis's Pain-Killer in my family for several years, and take great pleasure in recommending it as a valuable medicine, that should be kept in every family.

J. S. SWAN, pastor of the Huntington-st. Baptist church, New London. 628

FALL AND WINTER STYLES
of Gents' and Children's HATS and CAPS, Misses' BEAVERS, rich FURS. One of the largest assortments of desirable patterns. The Clergy supplied at a discount.
607-636 KELLOGG, No. 261 Canal street.

Cut This Out
AND LOOK AT IT
IN YOUR STEREOSCOPE.

It will appear as a pyramid five inches high. The letters will stand perpendicularly, and each line an inch back of the preceding—a most remarkable optical illusion.

FOR THE HOLIDAYS,
We Have Just Received
A NEW AND MOST EXQUISITE ASSORTMENT.

The cream of the London and Paris markets, selected with great care on the spot by one of our house.

We have also just published about

500 NEWV IEWS OF AMERICAN SCENERY.

No more instructive and entertaining present can be imagined than

A STEREOSCOPE AND VIEWS.

Parties at a distance, by remitting $5, $10, $15, $20, or $25, can have the worth of it sent by express, carefully selected and warranted to please.

A Catalogue sent, on receipt of stamp.
629 E. ANTHONY, No. 501 Broadway.

BE INDEPENDENT.

THE AMERICAN MONTHLY and THE N. Y. INDEPENDENT are sent to New Subscribers for one year for $2; Six months, $1.

Address H. M. PLATT,
Box 2,756, New York.

Specimens sent for 6 cents. THE AMERICAN MONTHLY, 3 months on trial, for 25 cents; one year, $1 25. 628tf

HOLIDAY GOODS.

PARIAN STATUARY,
ELABORATE PARIA

Family Reading.

JOEL BARLOW ON AMERICAN SLAVERY.

One of the foremost advocates of freedom during the former eras of Republicanism was Joel Barlow, whose writings, both in prose and poetry, are less known than they deserve. We are glad to learn that a new edition of the former is about to be published, with an original memoir of his life, drawn from most authentic sources. He was a native of Connecticut, born March 24, 1754, and graduated at Yale College in 1778. He was a chaplain in the army of the Revolution till the close of the war. His great poem, "The Vision of Columbus," was published in 1787. He went to Europe in 1788, and in 1795 was appointed by President Washington consul to Algiers. After negotiating treaties both with Algiers and Tripoli, rescuing more than one hundred American citizens from slavery, he resigned in 1797, and went to France, where he became quite conspicuous. In 1805 he returned to this country on the special invitation of President Jefferson, who wished Mr. Barlow to write the history of the United States subsequent to the Revolution, he and Mr. Madison to furnish all the materials and facilities in their power. To be near the best sources of information, he purchased the seat called Kalorama, on Georgetown Hights. In 1807 he revised his poem and published it under the title of "The Columbiad." In 1811, Mr. Madison appointed him Minister to France, where he soon had important negotiations in a prosperous train, until they were suspended by the Emperor Napoleon's departure for Russia. In 1812 he was requested to meet the Emperor at Wilna, in Poland, but died on his way, near Cracow, Dec. 24, 1812.

In that magnificent Hymn with which the Eighth Book of his Columbiad opens, he thus addresses Peace in one of his finest poetic strains. The war of the Revolution has just ended:

"From scenes of blood, these verdant shores that stain,
From numerous friends in recent battle slain,
From blazing towns that scorch the purple sky,
From houseless hordes, their smoking walls that fly,
From the black prison-ships, those groaning graves,
From warring fleets that vex the gory waves,
From a storm'd world, long taught thy flight to mourn,
I rise, delightful Peace, and greet thy glad return."
—Eighth Book, ls. 21-28.

Then, after passing a most touching eulogy on the heroes slain in the war, he addresses the Patriots who have survived the conflict:

"Think not, my friends, the patriot's task is done,
Or Freedom safe, because the battle's won."—Ls. 79, 80.

The following is a part of his vivid portrait of the Dragon, Demagogue, ls. 105–108:

"Darts forth his forky tongue, heaves high in air
His fiery crest, and sheds a hideous glare,
Champs, churns his poisonous juice, and hissing loud,
Spouts thick the stifling tempest o'er the crowd."

Addressing patriot Freemen, and pointing out their duties, he says, ls. 144–154:

"Freedom, parturient with a hundred states,
Confides them to your hand; the nascent prize
Claims all your care, your soundest wisdom tries.
Ah, nurture, temper, train your infant charge,
Its force develop and its life enlarge,
Unfold each day some adolescent grace,
Some right recognize or some duty trace;
Mold a fair model for the realms of earth,
Call moral nature to a second birth,
Reach, renovate the world's great social plan,
And here commence the sober sense of man."

Thus did Barlow himself labor, with all the zeal of the great Apostle to the Gentiles, to mold this infant nation to the most exalted sense of rational Liberty, but what he feared most was the

——"fell Demons of despotic power."

From the wild, disorganizing influence of these, he calls on his countrymen to exert themselves, ls. 177, 178:

"And so from their broad grasp, their deadly ban,
'Tis yours to snatch this earth, to raise regenerate man."

Then, with a patriot's pride and a philanthropist's eye, he surveys his country and exclaims:

"My friends, I love your fame, I joy to raise
The high-toned anthem of my country's praise;
To sing her victories, virtues, wisdom, weal,
Boast with loud voice the patriot pride I feel;
Warm wild I sing; and, to her failings blind,
Mislead myself, perhaps mislead mankind.
Land that I love! in this the whole we owe?
Thy pride to pamper, thy fair face to show;
Dwells there no blemish where such glories shine?
And lurks no spot in that bright sun of thine?
Hark! a dread voice, with heaven-astounding strain,
Swells like a thousand thunders o'er the main,
Rolls and reverberates around thy hills,
And Hesper's heart with pangs paternal fills."—Ls. 179–192.

The poet then puts some of the most withering words into the mouth of Old Atlas,

"Great brother guardian of old Afric's clime:"

"But thy proud sons, a strange, degenerate race,
Enslave my tribes, and each fair world disgrace,
Provoke wide vengeance on the lawless land.
The bolt ill placed in thy forbearing hand,—
Enslave my tribes! then boast their cantons free,
Preach faith and justice, bend the sainted knee,
Invite all men their liberty to share,
Seek public peace, defy the assaults of war,
Plant, reap, consume, enjoy their fearless toil,
Tame their wild floods, to fatten still their soil,
Enrich all nations with their nurturing store,
And rake with venturous fluke each wondering shore.—
Enslave my tribes! what, half mankind imban,
Then read, expound, enforce the rights of man!
Prove plain and clear how nature's hand of old
Cast all men equal in her human mold!
Their fibers, feelings, reasoning powers the same,
Like wants await them, like desires inflame.
Thro' former times with learned book they tread,
Revise past ages and rejudge the dead,
Write, speak, avenge, for ancient sufferings feel,
Impale each tyrant on their pens of steel,
Declare how freemen can a world create,
And slaves and masters ruin every state.—
Enslave my tribes! and think, with dumb disdain,
To 'scape this arm and prove my vengeance vain!"

Atlas goes on to speak of Americans in slavery in Algiers, and calls them—

"A few chained things that seem no longer men:
Thy sons perchance!"

The slavery of Americans in chains in Barbary is but a moiety of the vengeance meditated:

"Nor shall these pangs atone the nation's crime;
Far heavier vengeance, in the march of time,
Attends them still; if still they dare debase
And hold inthrall'd the millions of my race;
A vengeance that shall shake the world's deep frame,
That heaven abhors, and hell might shrink to name.
Nature, long outraged, delves the crusted sphere,
And molds the mining mischief dark and drear;
Europa, too, the penal shock shall find,
The rude soul-selling monsters of mankind:
* * * * * * *
Crush your curst continent, and whirl on high
The vast avulsions vaulting thro' the sky."

All that remains of what was once magnificent and charming, is—

"A dim, lone island in the watery waste,
Mourns all his minor mountains wrecked and hurl'd,
Stands the sad relic of a ruin'd world."

For all this ruin there is no help:

"No saving Ark around him rides the main,
Nor Dove weak-wing'd her footing finds again
* * * * * * *
Thus toned the Titan his tremendous knell.
* * * * * * *
From slavery then your rising realms to save,
Regard the master, notice not the slave;
Consult alone for freemen, and bestow
Your best, your only cares, to keep them so.
Tyrants are never free: and small and great,
All masters must be tyrants soon or late;
So nature works; and oft the lordling knave
Turns out at once a tyrant and a slave,
Struts, cringes, bullies, begs, as courtiers must,
Makes one a god, another treads in dust,
Fears all alike, and flinches whom he can,
But knows no equal, finds no friend in man.
Ah! would you not be slaves, with lords and kings,
Then be not masters; there the danger springs.
The whole crude system that torments this earth,
Of rank, privation, privilege of birth,
False honor, fraud, corruption, civil jars,
The rage of conquest and the curse of wars,
Pandora's total shower, all ills combined
That erst o'erwhelm'd and still distrest mankind,
Box'd up secure in your deliberate hand,
Wait your bekest, to 8x or fly this land.
Equality of Right is nature's plan;
And following nature is the march of man.
Whene'er he deviates in the least degree,
When, free himself, he would be more than free,
The baseless column, rear'd to bear his bust,
Falls as he mounts, and whelms him in the dust.
See Rome's rude sires, with autocratic gait,
Tread down their tyrant and erect their state;
Their state secured, they deem it wise and brave
That every freeman should command a slave,
And, flush't with franchise of his camp and town,
Reve thro' the world and hunt the nations down;
Master and man the same vile spirit gains,
Rome chains the world, and wears herself the chains.
Mark modern Europe with her feudal codes,
Serfs, villains, vassals, nobles, kings, and gods,
All slaves of different grades, corrupt and curst
With high and low, for senseless rank athirst,
Wage endless wars; not fighting to be free,
But *cujum pecus*, whose base herd they'll be."

Regretting that we have transported and nursed too much feudal feeling from Europe, he commands:

"Purge all privations from your liberal code,
Restore their souls to men, give earth repose,
And save your sons from slavery, wars, and woes.
Based on its rock of Right your empire lies,
On walls of wisdom let the fabric rise;
Preserve your principles, their force unfold,
Let nations prove them and let kings behold.
EQUALITY, your first firm-grounded stand;
Then FREE ELECTION; then your FEDERAL BAND:
This holy Triad should for ever shine
The great compendium of all rights divine,
Creed of all schools, whence youths by millions draw
Their themes of right, their decalogues of law;
Till men shall wonder (in these codes inured)
How wars were made, how tyrants were endured."

BOAT-SONG.

Our bark let us launch
On the lakelet's swelling bosom:
With merry song, we'll glide along—
Oh, sail, sail away.
Sail, sail where lies the sleeping wave,
Sail where the bright-eyed naiads lave,
Where forest-nymphs have found a grave—
Oh, sail, sail away.

The sun's golden beams
Are dancing on its bosom.
With yellow light the lake is bright—
Oh, sail, sail away.
Sail, sail where zephyrs softly creep,
The rushing winds are hushed in sleep,
A radiant mantle shrouds the deep—
Oh, sail, sail away.

As onward we glide
We'll join a merry chorus,
In hopes and joys our hearts rejoice—
Oh, sail, sail away.
The listening zephyrs catch the note
And answer from the shore remote,
As mem'ries o'er the life-wave float—
Oh, sail, sail away.

On Time's rolling tide,
Oh, be our life like joyous
With Friendship warm and mem'ry's charm,
We sail, sail away;
And, o'er the dancing waves of Hope,
We'll buoy our home-bound life-boat up,
Nor let the Flag of Courage droop!—
Oh, sail, sail away!

ANNIE STARBOARD.

HOW MANY PLYMOUTH CHURCHES?—The name of Plymouth Church, adopted originally by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's church and society in Brooklyn, has become very popular. The following cities and towns, and perhaps others not here mentioned, have now a church of the Congregational order bearing this title. May their number never be less!

PLYMOUTH CHURCHES, IN THE ORDER OF THEIR ORGANIZATION.

Brooklyn, New York.
Chicago, Illinois.
Cleveland, Ohio.
Syracuse, New York.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
Rochester, New York.
Adrian, Michigan.
Chelsea, Massachusetts.
Lawrence, Kansas.
Minneapolis, Minnesota.
Indianapolis, Indiana.
Des Moines, Iowa.
Franklin, New York.
Fond du Lac, Wisconsin.
St. Paul, Minnesota.
Burlington, Wisconsin.
Ottawa, Illinois.
Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

COMING DOWN.

[FROM THE RECREATIONS OF A COUNTRY PARSON.]

By coming down I understand *this*: Learning from the many mortifications, disappointments, and rebuffs which we must all meet as we go on through life, to think more humbly of ourselves, intellectually, morally, socially, physically, esthetically; yet while thinking thus humbly of ourselves and our powers, to resolve that we shall continue to do our very best: and all this with a kindly heart and a contented mind. Such is my ideal of true and Christian coming down: and I regard as a true hero the man who does it rightly. It is a noble thing for a man to say to himself, "I am not at all what I had vainly fancied myself: my mark is far, very far lower than I thought it had been: I had fancied myself a great genius, but I find I am only a man of decent ability: I had fancied myself a man of great weight in the county, but I find I have very little influence indeed: I had fancied that my stature was six feet four, but I find that I am only five feet two: I had fancied that in such a competition I never could be beaten, but in truth I have been sadly beaten: I had fancied [suffer me, reader, the solemn allusion] that my Master had intrusted me with ten talents, but I find I have no more than one. But I will accept the humble level which is mine by right, and with God's help I will do my very best there. I will not kick dogs nor curse servants: I will not try to detract from the standing of men who are cleverer, more eminent, or taller than myself: I will heartily wish them well. I will not grow soured, moping, and misanthropic. I know I am beaten and disappointed, but I will hold on manfully still, and never give up!" Such, kindly reader, is Christian coming down!

Foreign Miscellany.

The Prince Back to Study.

OXFORD, Nov. 24, 1860.

THE Prince of Wales returned to Oxford on the 21st; coming in his usual unpretentious manner. He was most cordially greeted at the railway station; looked very well, and seemed quite happy to come back to the old City of Colleges. The municipal corporation presented an address, congratulating him on his pleasant journey and on his safe return. The Address expressed particular pleasure at "the cordial reception which had been given by *our kinsmen*, the citizens of the United States."

The following official notices will be thought curious for their brevity:

OXFORD, Nov. 17TH.—The Regius Professor of Medicine (Dr. Acland) proposes to commence a course of general and clinical instruction. Gentlemen who, having passed their first public examination, desire to attend are requested to call at his house on Tuesday, the 20th inst., at 10 A.M.

The Prince of Wales came into residence this morning. He was escorted from the station to Frowen Hall by the City Rifle Corps.

The Duke of Newcastle has communicated a special reply to the Address of the Plymouth corporation, and particularly responds to the gratulations on account of the generous and cordial reception given by the citizens of the United States. W.

Barnum's American Museum,
NEW YORK.

This establishment has became one of the FIXED INSTITUTIONS OF NEW YORK, and every stranger coming to the city is sure to visit it. Even the PRINCE OF WALES, THE HEIR TO THE THRONE OF ENGLAND, made it the object of a special visit, and the only place of amusement in America he so favored. The secret of all this popularity is, MR. BARNUM SECURES EVERYTHING UNIQUE AND INTERESTING, INSTRUCTIVE AND PLEASING, and offers them to his patrons, all in connection with his entire Museum collection, and the AMUSING ENTERTAINMENTS, and all for the small sum of 25 cents. His present list of curiosities embraces some of the most wonderful of nature's productions.

TWO LIVING AZTEC CHILDREN,
supposed to be descendants and specimens of the
SACERDOTAL CASTE OF THE ANCIENT AZTEC FOUNDERS OF THE RUINED TEMPLES OF CENTRAL AMERICA,
as described by STEVENS and other travelers.
THIRTY MONSTER SNAKES—JUST PURCHASED.
WHAT IS IT? Or, MAN-MONKEY!
TWO ALBINO CHILDREN.
GRAND AQUARIA, filled with living fish from every river and sea on the face of the Globe. HAPPY FAMILY, composed of great numbers of animals and birds, of diverse natures, living in perfect peace and harmony. WAX FIGURES of various celebrities. GRAND COSMORAMA, etc.

THE ENTERTAINMENTS IN THE LECTURE-ROOM are varied, and of a strictly moral character, no obscene or profane language permitted to be used in or about the premises, and no improper persons allowed. Admission to all, 25 cents; Children under ten, 15 cents.

HOW TO GET RICH.

FIRST SELECT AN HONORABLE AND PROFITABLE business. Second, prosecute it with energy. A Book AGENCY is both honorable and profitable. Send for my Catalogue and Circular of terms. The best selection of BOOKS FOR AGENTS published. Address
FREDERICK W. PRINCE,
628-629* No. 25 Park row, New York.

Watches! Watches! Watches!
PERFECT TIME-KEEPERS, AT LOW PRICES,
At the Old Stand,
No. 150 BOWERY, cor. BROOME STREET.
J. H. Johnston & Co.,
(FORMERLY WITH AND SUCCESSORS TO JACKSON & MANT.)
We are selling more watches than ever before. Our stock contains every variety suitable for Gentlemen, Ladies, Lads, and Misses.
☞ NONE BUT PERFECT TIME-KEEPERS SOLD. ☜
We would also invite special attention to our large stock of fine Jewelry, Sterling Silver Ware, and best quality Silver Plated Ware. Everything guaranteed to be of the best quality, and offered at the very lowest prices. N.B.—Wedding and Visiting Cards, latest styles, engraved. Specimens sent by mail.
625-637

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FURNITURE
AND
UPHOLSTERY WAREHOUSE,
NOS. 127 AND 129 FULTON STREET,
Brooklyn.

The subscribers invite attention to their extensive stock of PARLOR, LIBRARY, DINING-ROOM, and BED-ROOM FURNITURE,—also CURTAINS, CORNICES, SHADES, AND UPHOLSTERY GOODS,
of their own importation, direct from Paris, and at prices which will enable them to compete with any similar establishment in New York.
Goods delivered in New York free of charge.
Furniture packed and shipped to any part of the country.
621-646 T. BROOKS & CO.

DRY GOODS.
GREAT SACRIFICE!

Horton & Sons,
NO. 279 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN.
We have just purchased part of a Jobber's Stock for cash on delivery, which we are retailing at half the import cost, viz.:
100 pieces Valentia, 1 shilling per yard, worth 2 shillings.
200 " 1s. 6d. " " 3 "
100 " 4-4 Ottaman 2s. " " 4 "
200 " 4-4 " 2s. 6d. " " 5 "
100 " Super Printed all-wool Delaine, 3s. p. yd., worth 5s.
100 " Paris Lace Curtains, from $5 to $15 per pair.
200 " Tambour Drapery, 1s. to 4s. per yard.
The above Goods are expressly adapted for Holiday Presents, and are exhibited on our second floor, aside from our regular stock.
628-629 HORTON & SONS.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

A FINE
Stereoscopic Photograph
SENT BY MAIL ON APPLICATION TO
Paul & Curtis,
NO. 594 BROADWAY.
INCLOSING FIFTY CENTS IN STAMPS.
626tf

Mrs. Winslow,
An experienced Nurse and Female Physician, presents to the attention of mothers her
SOOTHING SYRUP,
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING,
which greatly facilitates the process of teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation—will allay ALL PAIN and spasmodic action, and is
SURE TO REGULATE THE BOWELS.
Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourselves, and
Relief and Health to your Infants.
We have put up and sold this article for over ten years, and CAN SAY, IN CONFIDENCE AND TRUTH of it, what we have never been able to say of any other medicine—NEVER HAS IT FAILED, IN A SINGLE INSTANCE, TO EFFECT A CURE, when timely used. Never did we know an instance of dissatisfaction by any one who used it. On the contrary, all are delighted with its operations, and speak in terms of commendation of its magical effects and medical virtues. We speak in this matter "WHAT WE DO KNOW," after TEN years' experience, AND PLEDGE OUR REPUTATION FOR THE FULFILLMENT OF WHAT WE HERE DECLARE. In almost every instance where the infant is suffering from pain and exhaustion, relief will be found in fifteen or twenty minutes after the Syrup is administered.
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.
It will almost instantly relieve GRIPING IN THE BOWELS AND WIND COLIC.
None genuine unless the fac-simile of CURTIS & PERKINS New York, is on the outside wrapper.
Sold by Druggists throughout the world.
Price 25 cents per bottle. 578-629

HEGEMAN, CLARK & CO.'S
GENUINE COD-LIVER OIL,
For Consumption, Scrofula, etc. Warranted pure, and prepared from Fresh Livers by
HEGEMAN & CO., DRUGGISTS AND CHEMISTS,
625-637 Nos. 161, 399, 511, and 756 Broadway.

DIME SAVINGS.—UNION DIME SAVINGS-BANK, No. 429 Canal street, cor. of Varick. Open daily from 10 A.M. to 7 P.M., and 6 to 7 P.M. Six per cent. interest allowed. Ten cents deposited each day, with interest added in ten and a half years, amounts to $521 13. This Bank has received in eighteen months, from 4,710 depositors, $383,103 57.
IDEA OF SAVING.—A Clerk made his first deposit July 9, 1859, of $1, and by daily savings has now on deposit $260 55.
The above is only one of many similar cases.
G. S. CHAPIN, Sec. E. V. HAUGHWOUT, Pres.
628-631

HALSTED & STILES, 52 & 54 MURRAY Street, New York, Importers and Jobbers of Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, and every style and quality of goods used by Clothiers and Merchant Tailors for Men's and Boys' wear.
613-26teow

Fitch & Day,
STATIONERS & BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURERS,
NO. 141 NASSAU AND 8 BEEKMAN ST.,
NEW YORK.
Particular attention given to orders. 606-ow

DEBILITY AND IRRITABILITY—MENTAL and Typical. Its CURE, (the only way,) and to Invigorate (?) Cordials," Pills or Leeches, Bitters (?) Instruments," Rings, etc. By A FORMER SUFFERER. One stamp to Box 176, Charlestown, Mass. 606-63[illegible]

CHAPPED HANDS, FACE, LIPS, ETC
CERTAIN CURE AND PREVENTIVE.
Hegeman & Co.'s Camphor Ice with Glycerine. If used as directed, will keep the skin soft in the coldest weather.
Only 25 cents. Sent by mail for 30 cents.
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Picture-Frames, Gilt Molding, Etc.,
The largest stock in the city, at Wholesale or Retail.
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CHEMIST AND CONSULTING AGRICULTURIST.
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Farms visited for consultation. Soils examined, etc.
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The "Reception" Rocking Chairs
Are easy in motion,
Graceful in form,
STAND ON CASTORS,
Rock without Rockers,
Made in any style desired
They form an attractive addition to the best furnished Parlors.
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627tf

OH, I AM SO NERVOUS! WHAT SHALL I do? Why, consult, personally or by letter, Dr. Henry of 109 Waverley place, New York city. Take our advice; you will never regret it. He cures when everybody else fails. 628*

Concentrated Leaven,
FOR MAKING
Bread, Tea-Cakes,
All Kinds of Pastry, Etc.,
MANUFACTURED BY
ED. CHAMBERLIN & CO.,
Proprietors of Shawmut Chemical Works,
No. 33 India street, Boston.

CONCENTRATED LEAVEN is the result of careful chemical research.
Bread of all kinds made by using it is light, more digestible and nutritious, has an agreeable, natural taste, is less liable to sour, will retain its moisture longer than by any other process, and the whole preparation for the oven need not exceed ten minutes.
It is not perishable, and is available in places and at times when yeast is not within reach, as at sea. In all climates, and under all circumstances, it may be adopted, thus obviating all difficulty of procuring yeast or other ferment, which is frequently of an inferior quality, rendering the bread more or less unwholesome.
It is valuable as regards economy, as a saving is effected in the flour of not less than 16 per cent. In the common process, much of the saccharine of the flour is lost by being converted into carbonic acid gas, and the waste is incurred solely for the purpose of generating gas to raise the dough. By using Concentrated Leaven this waste is avoided, and the gas obtained in a manner equally efficacious. Fermentation destroys a part of the flour or meal; a barrel of flour, weighing 196 pounds, which ordinarily makes about 250 pounds of bread, gives by this process 290 pounds, thus effecting a very important saving. By conformity to the directions on each package, any person capable of ordinary attention may conduct the process, and the result will invariably be highly satisfactory.

CERTIFICATE FROM DR. HAYES,
ASSAYER TO THE STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

I have analyzed the Concentrated Leaven, manufactured by Messrs. Edwin Chamberlin & Co., with reference to its purity and efficiency of action in producing the effect of yeast in distending dough, and thereby rendering it fit for making bread. This article is skillfully compounded from perfectly pure materials. It raises the dough without consuming the sugar or any other principle in the flour, perfectly; and the same weight of flour will produce more sweet, palatable bread than can be obtained through the aid of yeast; while for cakes and pastry it is invaluable, as it saves all risk and much time of the pastry-cook. The experiments made by me confirm the statements of the manufacturers, and prove this compound worthy of public approval and extended use. Respectfully,
A. A. HAYES, State Assayer.

HOW TO USE IT.
BREAKFAST AND TEA ROLLS.

Three tea-spoonfuls of Leaven to one quart of flour; mix thoroughly by passing two or three times through a sieve; rub in a piece of butter of half the size of an egg, and make the paste with cold milk or water, (milk is preferable,) barely stiff enough to permit rolling out. Much kneading should be avoided. Cut into desired form, and place immediately in a hot oven and bake quickly.

LOAF BREAD.

The same proportion of Leaven and Flour sifted together as above; omit the butter; and make the paste thick enough to knead into a loaf, and bake immediately in a slow oven.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.

Flour and milk sufficient to make one quart of batter; add one egg; then three tea-spoonfuls of Leaven; beat to a froth and cook quick.

SPONGE CAKE.

Two cups of white sugar, beaten with the yolks of six eggs—whites of six eggs beaten to a froth; then beat all together; add three cups of sifted flour, one cup of water, and three tea-spoonfuls of Leaven; flavor with two tea-spoonfuls of essence of lemon, and bake in a quick oven.

CORN CAKE.

One pint each of flour and Indian meal, and three tea-spoonfuls of Leaven, well sifted together; add one gill of molasses and two eggs; mix them with milk, and bake in a slow oven.

CUP CAKE.

Five cups of flour and three tea-spoonfuls of Leaven, sifted together; add one cup of butter, two of sugar, and two eggs, all beat together; mix with milk; then add a cup of currants, and spice to suit the taste. Bake about half an hour.

LADIES' CAKE.

Three-quarters of a pound of flour and four tea-spoonfuls of Leaven, sifted together; one pound of sugar and six ounces of butter, beaten to a cream; the whites of eight eggs, well beaten, and juice of one lemon; mix with milk.

WEBSTER CAKE.

Five cups of flour, three tea-spoonfuls of Leaven, three cups of sugar, one of butter, one of milk, and two eggs; fruit and spice to the taste. Bake about half an hour.

See directions in each package for making Graham bread, Boston brown bread, dumplings, Chambers-street cake, sponge cake, jumbles, election cake, soft sugar gingerbread, hard-sugar gingerbread, silver cake, doughnuts, batter pudding, johnny-cake, gold cake, Japanese cake, apple pudding, Highland cake, Union cake, and every variety of pastry.
For sale by all the principal Grocers and Druggists.
GEO. H. BATES,
628-630 Wholesale Agent, No. 189 Pearl st., New York.

35,000 IN USE!
THE AUTOCRAT OF THE KITCHEN!
The Original P. P. Stewart
FUEL-SAVING AND COMFORT-PRODUCING
LARGE OVEN
SUMMER AND WINTER AIR-TIGHT
COOKING STOVE!
FOR WOOD AND ANTHRACITE OR BITUMINOUS COAL.
IMPROVED IN 1859
With New and Extra Large Flues, and by the addition of the Celebrated Patent Double Sheet Bottom Flue.

Attention is invited to the following points of Superiority:

1st. DURABILITY.—Lasting, with proper care, at least twenty years. Stoves are now in use that were set up in 1838.

2d. MANUFACTURE.—Every portion of the Stove is thoroughly constructed. Each Stove is submitted to a critical test, and none leave our works unless completely and perfectly finished.

3d. CAPACITY.—Baking, broiling, boiling, roasting, and all other culinary operations performed *at the same time*. A barrel of flour baked into bread with a single fire.

4th. ECONOMY.—Saving the cost of the stove in two or three years in the item of fuel.

5th. VENTILATION OF OVEN.—In the Stewart Stove alone the front doors open directly into the oven, (protected by letters patent,) securing a direct draft through the *top of the oven*, by means of perforated holes in the doors and back flues. It will be borne in mind that, as the heated air always rises, this method of ventilation is the only one of any value whatever.

6th. ENTIRE CONTROL OF HEAT.—The heat generated by the stove may *be held therein and used or thrown into the room at pleasure.*

7th. THE DOUBLE SHEET BOTTOM FLUE.—By which a compressing and inverting action of heat is obtained, and the oven more evenly and efficiently heated than by any other known invention.

8th. BROILING.—*Performed on the top* and without the possibility of smoke entering the room.

9th. HOT WATER RESERVOIR AND WARMING CLOSET.—Both useful and convenient, supplied by the waste heat and without extra fuel.

10th. WATER BACK.—An arrangement for supplying hot water for the bath-room equal to any range.

☞ Sold by all dealers, on a trial of three months, with a written guaranty for that period if asked.

☞ Beware of the numerous imitations now in market, many of which resemble the Stewart only in appearance, and none of them possess any of its peculiar qualities. See that the names of F. P. Stewart, and of the manufacturers, are on each stove. No other is genuine.

☞ Descriptive pamphlets free by mail to any address. Agencies in all the principal cities and towns in the United States. Address
FULLER, WARREN & CO.,
Troy, N. Y.,
Sole Manufacturers and Proprietors of the Clinton Stove Works.

Sold by G. W. Walker, Boston; J. Q. A. Butler, New York; S. Locke, New Orleans; Ellsworth, Russell & Co., Mobile; C. Metz, agent, and A. G. Garfield, agent, Chicago; A. C. Parry, Cincinnati; J. H. Richards & Co., Baltimore; J. F. Plets, Philadelphia; G. N. Carleton, Memphis, and in all the principal cities and towns in the Union. 616-630

Johnson's Union Washing Machine.
PATENTED APRIL 10, 1860.
PRICE $8 TO $10.

This machine is called the UNION MACHINE, because there is united in it every good feature in all other machines yet introduced. It washes every description of fabric cleaner, quicker, and more perfectly than any other machine extant. It is so simple and easy to work that a child can operate it. No soaking, rubbing, or boiling required.
THE UNION CLOTHES DRYER,
A NEW INVENTION,
can be spread in a yard, room, or on top of a house. When not in use can be kept in a closet, and can be put up and taken down in ONE MINUTE.
PRICE, only $1 50 to $2.
All applications by mail for agencies, or for other information, must be accompanied by a postage stamp to insure reply
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ITS VARIETY.—"The book is full of original anecdotes, personal sketches, gossip, incidents, and no end of information concerning its subject."—*Providence Journal.* "Abounding in facts, details, scraps, incidents, anecdotes, and reminiscences of General Jackson's career, as well as pictures of the times in which he lived, that place the man and surrounding circumstances, at each successive period of his life, very fully and fairly before you."—*Presbyterian Witness.* "It is full of adventure—terrible, pathetic, heart-rending, heroic, and glorious."—*Home Journal.* "By countless minute, but telling touches, by carefully collected reminiscences, anecdotes, and letters, by the tender tributes of friends and the keen nrows of foes, he has, as well as by his own words and deeds, he sets forth the living man, with great faults and great virtues, sometimes making mistakes as he believes in his measures, but always and everywhere a hearty, indomitable patriot, and a genuine, thorough friend of the toiling people."—*Boston Journal.*

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Editors' Book Table.

HOLIDAY BOOKS.—We closed our "holiday" notices last week with the down-town district. Of late years the book-trade has established for itself two new centers; one in Walker street, the other in Grand street and its vicinity.

LEAVITT & ALLEN, at No. 24 Walker street, publish the valuable commentaries of Dr. J. J. Owen on the Gospels;—sound, careful, exact, lucid, and every way commendable; indeed for general readers the best of recent commentaries on the New Testament. The set would be a good present from a Sabbath-school class to its teacher, or from a parent to children of ripening years.

At No. 46 Walker street, Messrs. W. A. TOWNSEND & Co. display their choice edition (now nearly complete) of Cooper's Novels, elegantly illustrated by appropriate designs by Darley. We have repeatedly commended this edition to our readers. In last week's issue, we made special mention of the gift volume of "Pages and Pictures," from the same house. We have heretofore spoken of the exquisite taste and beauty of their holiday edition of Bryant's Forest Hymn, in which every page exhibits the artist's delicate and appropriate illustration of the poet's conceptions; so that the poem itself is pictured to the eye, while the music of its verse sways the ear like forest winds and waterfalls. The binding of the book is in rare harmony with its contents.

Messrs. IVISON & PHINNEY, No. 50 Walker street, while dealing mainly in school-books, of which they have a valuable list in almost every branch of education, have a few works of special value to ministers, Sabbath-school teachers, and Biblical students generally. They publish Bush's Notes on the Pentateuch, which embody the fruits of his extensive learning and his devout spirit, with none of the vagaries of Swedenborgianism. They are really excellent commentaries. The same house publish Kitto's Cyclopedia, and Jahn's Biblical Archeology, still a standard in its department.

At No. 56 Walker street one finds himself in a thoroughly English book-store, surrounded with the standard publications of leading London houses, and the latest issues of Paternoster row. In particular, Mr. JOHN WILEY has on hand a complete assortment of the publications of Samuel Bagster & Sons, including their superb "Paragraph" and "Polyglot" Bibles, and the "Comprehensive" Bible elegantly bound. Also, the latest publications of the London Religious Tract Society, some of which are handsomely illustrated volumes, appropriate for gift-books. Mr. Wiley keeps a large assortment of stereoscopes and stereoscopic views,—an acceptable present in any family not already furnished with this enjoyable instrument.

Those whose purses are not depleted by the times, may be tempted by a superb copy of Robert's Sketches in the Holy Land at $175, or the Musée Français at $200. But no book-buyer can afford to overlook Mr. Wiley's own elegant edition of Ruskin's Works, complete in 15 vols., bound in half-calf for $30, in cloth for $16 50. The Modern Painters and the Stones of Venice may be had separately, each at about one-half the above prices. One cannot go amiss in buying Ruskin as a gift for any lover of art.

Persons who wish to be *au courant* with modern geographical and political changes in Europe, will find all Murray's useful guide-books at the store of Mr. John Wiley.

If we find London at No. 56 Walker st., we find Boston reproduced, right opposite, at No. 61. The stock of Messrs. PHINNEY, BLAKEMAN & MASON fully represents several of the leading publishers of Boston. Here, for example, may be found all the late publications of GOULD & LINCOLN—a list which we would specially commend to the notice of affectionate parishioners who desire to enrich a pastor's library with something substantial, and to all who remember the needs of theological students and home missionaries. Buy Hamilton's Lectures; Mansel's Works; Bayne's Essays; Masson's Life of Milton;—our previous notices of these will certify you that you cannot go amiss in such a purchase. They have also a fine illustrated edition of Pilgrim's Progress; and have recently issued a very attractive volume for intelligent youth, entitled the *Romance of Natural History*, by Philip Henry Gosse. This is elegantly illustrated. We shall notice it hereafter. Hackett's Illustrations of Scripture is a very useful assistant to the Biblical student. Or take the list of LITTLE, BROWN & Co., and buy Smith's Dictionary of the Bible, decidedly the most thorough, learned, able, accurate, comprehensive work on the Antiquities, Biography, Geography, and Natural History of the Bible, which has yet appeared. Do not hesitate because only one volume as yet is published; send that to your minister, or to the missionary or student whom you would befriend, and leave with Phinney & Co. your order for the second volume.

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P. B. & M. will tempt you, also, with the publications of CROSBY, NICHOLS, LEE & Co. We have lately noticed their dainty edition of Lamb's works; and their fine tinted paper Riverside press issue of Carlyle's Essays. They publish, also, in the same style, the great standard histories of Gibbon, Hume, and Macaulay.

But perhaps the predominant Boston element at No. 61 Walker street, is the ample representation of Messrs. TICKNOR & FIELDS. It would require a page to reprint their catalogue, and almost anything in that catalogue would be attractive to an intelligent and discriminating purchaser. Their edition of Scott's novels in fifty neat duo. volumes is the acknowledged standard library edition. They publish, also, the complete works of De Quincey, in similar style, in a series of 24 vols.; Emerson's writings, in five volumes—now just increased by the addition of a volume of Essays under the title of "The Conduct of Life;" and the charming libraries of poets and prose writers, in blue and gold. Among these, Mrs. Jameson's works, complete, are an attractive feature. We have no space here to notice several of the more recent publications of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields; and our present object is rather to indicate a few of the choicer presentation volumes, and where these may be found in this city.

Messrs. Phinney, Blakeman & Mason, in addition to their depot of Boston publications, have a valuable list of their own. This includes a complete collection of the British Poets from Chaucer to Wordsworth, published in neat and handy duodecimos, of which 116 vols. have appeared;—the British Essayists in 36 vols.;—any work of either series may be obtained separately. They have, also, some attractive juveniles. A work on Natural History, translated from the German of Martin, and beautifully illustrated with colored engravings imported from Germany, admirably combines beauty with usefulness, and will be a choice present for studious youth.

Emerging from Walker street upon Broadway, we find Messrs. D. APPLETON & Co. in their splendid new establishment at Nos. 443 and 445. This house is celebrated for the extensive sale of its holiday preparations, which in number, variety, richness, taste, and beauty, surpass those of any other house. In looking over the list for the present season, we find "The Promises of Jesus," in imitation of the ancient illuminated manuscripts; Tennyson's May Queen, beautifully printed and illustrated; Shakespeare's Tempest; the Poet's Gallery, a series of illustrations of the British Poets, with numerous engravings; and a catalogue of illustrated works of English and American manufacture, which promise delight to many eyes in the approaching gift-days.

One of the most serviceable of their recent publications, is an elegant Shakespeare in octavo, edited by that accomplished annotator, Mrs. Mary Cowden Clarke. As a family edition, or for the use of students in the school-room, this is every way admirable; though for the latter purpose the neat edition of Sheldon & Co. is a little more compact and portable. Fifty choice engravings illustrate Mrs. Clarke's edition, which, with respect to text and type, is all that a fastidious taste could desire.

A valuable present to a minister's library from the Messrs. Appleton's shelves, would be their fine edition of Rawlinson's Herodotus, repeatedly commended in these columns. Their stock of juveniles also is ample and diversified.

Almost directly in the rear of the Messrs. Appleton, we find MASON BROTHERS, at Nos. 5 and 7 Mercer street. This house is prominent in the department of music. Several of Mr. Bradbury's works are published by them, and have been eminently popular. The *Diapason*, though recently issued, has already had a very large sale. They publish the Sabbath Hymn and Tune-Book, which is highly esteemed by churches that have tested its value for Congregational singing.

Mason Brothers are also the New York agents for Webster's Dictionary, and will continue to furnish it to readers of *The Independent* and all others at cash prices, after our premium offer shall have expired.

Parton's Life of Andrew Jackson, which we have favorably noticed, they have just issued in a neat crown octavo edition. The threat of secession will revive the memory of Old Hickory, and make this Life quite popular. But the most important works for these times are Olmstead's "Journey in the Back Country," his "Texas Journey," and his "Seaboard Slave States." These volumes give the candid observations of a man of science and a practical agriculturist upon the capabilities and resources of the South. Let merchants buy them, and see how much secession is likely to cost us at the North.

In Grand street, at No. 137, is a store that city book-buyers should become familiar with—a branch of the well-known house of NELSON & SONS, of Edinburgh and London. Everybody of course is familiar with the pretty tinted picture-cards published by this house. They have these in abundance, not only in packages for children, but also in choice sets illustrating scenery and historical monuments in other lands. Some of these are published in neat volumes as illustrations of an appropriate text. Thus a beautiful gift-book entitled "Evenings with the Poets," consisting of fine extracts from the leading poets, is illustrated with tinted views of Abbotsford, Richmond Hill, Eton College, Melrose Abbey, etc. Harper's "Glimpses of Ocean Life"—an instructive and entertaining volume of natural history from the sea-side sources, is illustrated with sketches of oceanic life, in the same delicate tinted style. An attractive gift-book—and just now having a special interest—is "Art and Nature under an Italian Sky"—a series of lively and graceful sketches illustrated with numerous engravings, chiefly of monuments of art. "The Dog Crusoe" and "My First Voyage to Southern Seas," are new books that will find favor in young eyes. We shall particularize other juveniles hereafter.

Adjoining Nelson & Sons, at No. 135 Grand street, is the office of the American Congregational Union, where Mr. N. A. Calkins, the Actuary, has a full assortment of the publications of the CONGREGATIONAL BOARD of Boston, of Mr. WARREN F. DRAPER of Andover, HENRY HOYT of Boston, and others. The works issued by the Board are chiefly the standard theology of New England—desirable for all pastors and intelligent laymen. Mr. Draper publishes some valuable commentaries; and Mr. Hoyt has a list of Sabbath-school books and works on practical religion equal to any put forth by the great publishing societies.

Making our best bow to Mr. CHARLES SCRIBNER, (FOLK-SONGS, you remember,) with a promise to call next Thursday, and inspect No. 124 Grand street, we pass on up to No. 498 Broadway—the house of Messrs. DERBY & JACKSON. With the most spirited liberality Messrs. D. & J. have prepared gift-books on a scale of expenditure suited to the most prosperous times. A unique and fascinating selection of love passages in the writings of the Poets, with comments upon their Loves and Heroines, has been prepared by the appreciative taste of Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard, himself a poet of no mean fame. The volume is illustrated with twelve superb portraits of poetic heroines. Several of these are genuine—all are striking and beautiful.

Another volume hardly less unique in character, and as attractive in style and illustration, is made up of biographical sketches of the Literary Women of the South, with accompanying portraits. The North will never lose its interest in the names of Howard, Ritchie, Gilman, Southworth, McIntosh, and the brilliant constellation of Southern stars.

The STANDARD BRITISH AND FRENCH CLASSICS, published by Derby & Jackson, and repeatedly noticed by us, afford the purchaser most reliable and attractive materials for gift-selections. There really can be nothing handsomer or better than this series, or sets chosen from it.

Goodrich's Illustrated Natural History of the Animal Kingdom, is a work of permanent value and of unfailing interest to the young.

—Next week we shall complete our Holiday Calls.

AMERICAN MEDICAL TIMES for November and December, 1860; a weekly series of the New York Journal of Medicine. Published by Bailliere Brothers, No. 440 Broadway.—With the close of this month the first volume of the above weekly will be completed, forming altogether a most attractive volume to the practitioner of medicine. Each number contains some twenty pages of original lectures and communications, clinical records for the week, reviews of books, reports of societies, domestic and foreign correspondence, and general medical news. The first number of the *second* volume will be issued January 5, 1861, and will contain the first of a series of lectures on Diphtheria by Prof. Alonzo Clark, on Military Surgery by Prof. Hamilton, on the Physiology of the Cranial Nerves by Prof. Dalton, and on Diseases of Women by Prof. Barker; presenting a rare treat to the practitioner and student. As this journal is now established on a permanent basis, those who are intending to become subscribers for the future volumes, would do well to order at once the back numbers, that the series may be complete. For fresh, practical matter, this journal has no superior in this country.

Commercial and Financial.

South Carolina Bonds.

Among other questions of practical difficulty attending secession, that of the public debt is of no small importance. If South Carolina chooses to go out of the Union, will not the party of the second part make it a condition, precedent to a dissolution of the copartnership, that she shall not leave her *pro rata* share of the debt of the concern unpaid behind her? It is easy enough to repudiate private indebtedness by revolution, and public virtue is never so stern as when peculation is pronounced patriotism. But when the creditor is not an individual but a nation, the question wears a rather different aspect. If South Carolina and the United States come to blows, among the things that will be insisted upon will be that she shall pay her share of the partnership liabilities to the uttermost farthing. If we do not come to blows, the question is one for negotiation and treaty, but a demand to be adhered to, as demands of this character always are between nations. A balance struck between South Carolina's share of the debt, and the value of the Federal property within her borders, would be largely against her.

How will she pay it? Not by ready money, for she has none. She must borrow. Bonds of the new and independent empire of South Carolina! Who buys? Messrs. Baring? Messrs. Rothschild? Do you want these securities? The empire must raise money at the outset for governmental purposes, and will have plenty of bonds to throw upon the market. How far will the credit of a state go, whose population is 275,000 whites and 375,000 slaves, whose staple production is about 20,000 bales of Sea Island cotton, and whose principal city is a decayed old town of about 40,000 inhabitants? The price of these bonds will depend, first, upon the annual revenue the state can show, and next, upon the ability she manifests to maintain a separate existence. Should this last seem doubtful, and a suspicion be raised that South Carolina may, at some future day, ask to be readmitted to the Union, her difficulty in raising money will be aggravated by the question as to who, in that event, will pay her debts. When she asks for readmission, it will be because she cannot maintain a separate existence. Can she maintain it? And if she cannot, is the Federal Government prepared to bear eventually the cost of the experiment? Capitalists must consider these questions, and we doubt if the bonds will start at a very high figure. What say you, gentlemen of Wall street?

King Cotton.

"The King is dead: long live the King!" was the old announcement of the death of a French monarch. The poor incumbent of flesh and blood had gone the way of all mortal things, but royalty remained, ever young and fresh and full of life. It only was to die when something better came to take its place.

King Cotton is a mighty monarch, and we all bow at his footstool. But his majesty has more than one kingdom, though his chosen seat just now is in these states, where, sure as they think themselves of his favor, his subjects are about to shut off the light of his countenance from all the world beside, except as they choose to dispense its rays. The world, says the South, in speeches, in messages, and in multitudinous newspapers, is at our mercy. They need our cotton; they cannot trade without our cotton; they cannot think, nor breathe, nor eat, nor drink, nor have their being without our cotton. The North perishes without it; the West is reduced to a low diet of her own hog and hominy without it; Liverpool and Manchester will become howling wildernesses without it; the coming New Zealander will sit upon London Bridge and ruminate upon the ruins of a once mighty city, when that city is without it; the greatness of England will perish in one loud cry of despair for "bread or blood," when she is deprived of our cotton; France will gladly be our vassal and our thrall, and fight all our battles with all the world, if only we will give her cotton. Cotton is King, and the King never dies!

Cotton undoubtedly is a "big thing," and especially a "big thing" for the South. It is, however, a thing so big that she has nothing else. From the swaddling-clothes of the baby to the shroud of the old man on his bier; from the contents of the pap-spoon of the little one to the candle-cup of the aged sire; from the linsey-woolsey shirt of the slave to the broadcloth and silks of those who buy them with his wages,—all that the South eats and drinks, all that she wears, all her luxuries, her comforts, her necessaries, come from cotton. She sells her cotton, and buys everything, or almost everything else with the proceeds. Without cotton she has nothing to buy with, and goes, a spectacle to the world, naked and hungry, with four millions, especially, of ravening black creatures madly demanding their peck of corn and three pounds of bacon each a week, and the costly garment of linsey-woolsey. The suppliant world, in that case, is respectfully informed that a large supply of long staple and short staple, of Sea Island and up-country, is kept constantly on hand for sale, for cash or approved credit, in quantities to suit customers. If there be anything within the whole range of commerce that *must* be sold for whatever it will bring, it is cotton; if there be any people on the civilized globe who are completely at the mercy of all the rest, it is the cotton-growers. They are nothing and nowhere without customers. Meantime, the North and the West, England and France, have a thousand products of a thousand branches of industry, on the sea and on the land, in the soil and beneath the soil, fruits of the labor of the hands, fruits of the labor of the head, wherewith to supply consumption and barter and exchange, to keep in rapid motion the swift wheels of commerce, to meet the never-ceasing demands of all human wants. It would be inconvenient to the world to be without cotton till it had found a substitute—as it speedily would—but it is not the world that would perish if there was no cotton to be sold. If Cotton is King, he is a terrible monarch to those who are nearest to him, and no slaves are so abject as those who depend upon his nod for the breath of life. And surely we of the North are not of that class—we whose hay-crop alone is worth more than all the cotton of the South.

But let us not blink the fact that the world needs cotton. England does not blink it, and she took of this staple in 1858—the latest returns—833,237,776 pounds from this country. She imported, also, from other countries the same year—from the East Indies and the West Indies, from Brazil, from the Mediterranean, and elsewhere, 201,104,400 pounds. Here is a remarkable fact to be noted and remembered, that about one-fifth of all she used, according to the last returns, comes from other counties than ours, and it is still more to be noted and remembered that, according to the returns of former years, whenever the supply from the United States falls short of the demand, it is met by an increased supply from these other countries. These are notable facts, and worth considering; for they show, first, that other regions than ours produce this important staple; and, secondly, that the best customer of the South knows that her dependence on this country may cease whenever she pleases.

We are telling an open secret, which nobody among us seems to have considered, and everybody remembers in England. Monopolies are as abhorrent to Commerce, as a vacuum is to Nature; and England has long been uneasy under the reflection that her manufactories are dependent upon a single country for an important raw material. There is no commercial interest in the world so wealthy, so powerful, and so intelligent as the manufacturing interest of Great Britain, and it is restless under this great monopoly. Associations have been formed to devise means to deliver themselves from this thralldrom, and experiments have been made, and are making, in cotton culture in various regions. Cotton is a wild, spontaneous production of various parts of Africa. The best Sea Island can be grown at a remunerative price in the West Indies. The cotton of India is better for certain purposes than that of any other country. It is already an important article of export in Brazil, and from the Mediterranean. British demand and British enterprise have developed these facts, and they are not likely to be neglected, as they are of immense importance to British interests.

As commerce abhors monopolies, so it loves peace. Our belligerent and grandiloquent neighbors of the Southern confederacy, that is to be, will produce, by their present attitude, one very positive result. They will prompt Great Britain to make, as speedily as possible, that a positive fact which hitherto she has regarded as a remote possibility. The dissolution of the Union has an uncertain future; and when it becomes an accomplished fact, the manufacturers of Manchester and Glasgow, and the other great manufacturing towns of Great Britain will, in very serious earnest, set about relieving themselves from the necessity of relying for a great and important staple upon a turbulent people, with a weak government, whose only laborers are slaves. An impetus will be given to cotton culture in other countries which might, under other circumstances, have slept for half a century. It takes time to make great changes, but commercial enterprise and commercial necessity can work wonders. Let it be remembered that in 1790 the export of Cotton from the United States was only 1,500,000 pounds; ten years later it was 36,000,000. Where England gets cheap cotton, the North can get it also: where English ships can carry it, the North also will have her share in that trade—or we are not Yankees. Where, then, will be King Cotton? If his majesty be not dethroned by the upstart Linen—who is getting into condition with the help of revolutionary inventors to invade his kingdom—he will have moved his court into another part of wide dominion.

Paying Promptly.

The present crisis is unlike that of '57. Then there was no money in the country and no crops from which to realize anything to pay debts. Now there is in reality plenty of money—*i. e., currency*—and plenty of everything with which to get money. The crops never were so large, and business, up to a very recent date, never was better. Merchants and business men generally, therefore, never were in a better condition to pass through a trial of their soundness than now, and they never were paying better. Very few failures have occurred thus far, and very few, it is believed, will occur. On all sides we hear of a fixed determination to pay, let the sacrifice be what it may. A few hundreds or thousands of dollars lost in "exchange" by the country merchant, or of "interest" by the city merchant, is not worth a moment's consideration. Integrity, honor, fidelity, and promptness are worth more than money. A man that won't pay his note because it costs him a *sacrifice*, is not worthy of credit. A business man in New York, a few days since—one of the bluest of the blue days through which we have lately passed—sold business paper to the amount of twenty thousand dollars for *ten thousand*, and thereby saved himself and his good name from dishonor. Such a man never will go begging for credit. Reader, pay your debts, and offer your sham excuses on some other occasion.

Financiering under Difficulties.

The Evening Post should, day by day, be in the hands of every Secessionist. If Howell Cobb is not already a subscriber, he should send on his name without delay—not forgetting the cash in advance. *The Post* is doing good service to South Carolina by showing, among other things, what a small item in the Secession programme will cost. Admitting as a basis that a military force of 3,000 men only will be able to whip three times that number of our "regular army," *The Post* goes on to cipher out the cost of such an invincible host. The figures are just $337,467 for the first *month*, and *only* $2,361,184 for a year. It will require all this money for the bare necessities of equipment and feeding. In addition to this expenditure, we suppose a million or two more would be required for Dupont's (quickest) powder and balls to match, a few barracks for the soldiers to sleep in, two or three mud fortifications, and an old steam-boat or two to defend the Charleston harbor. A million or two more also would be wanted for supporting the new Emperor, King, or President, carrying the mails, firing salutes in honor of "Columbia," etc. The debt of South Carolina is already over $4,000,000, with a contingent liability besides for railroads of $3,000,000 more. Now, in the face and eyes of such a debt, how is it possible by any hocus-pocus financiering that four or five millions more money could be obtained? We rather think we should see specimens of shinning under such a government (!) which would put into the shade all Western railroad dodging. The new *Palmetto* bonds would probably go rather hard in Wall street. Give our bears one fair growl at them, and they would touch zero short meter. *The Post*, by the way, does not propose to allow South Carolina the privilege of assuming to pay any part of our national debt. Such an obligation on the part of the new chivalrous government would of course be repudiated. Now, in order to test the confidence of our capitalists in the proposed new kingdom, and in order that South Carolina may be fully prepared for war, we hereby assent to receive proposals at the office of *The Independent* for ten days for a loan for that state of $5,000,000. The bonds will each be illustrated with the Palmetto flag and *promise* to pay $1,000. No bid of less than ten cents on the dollar will be entertained. The books are open. Bid quick. Brown Brothers, and Wm. B. Astor, what do you say?

Money Market.

The market is in a very anomalous state. There is an abundance of money accumulated in the hands of capitalists and held on deposit by the banks, but a great fear is entertained in using it; and the usual borrowers are disinclined to operate in the present state of things.

The rate for call loans is 7 ₱ cent. The banks have further increased their loans, and have placed the merchants and dealers in a place of security, by their continued liberal discounts. The banks have no fear for themselves or for the great body of the mercantile community.

The dry-goods merchants are flush of money; and for the most part independent of the discount market. Their bank accounts are large; and many have added to their balances by discounts at bank. What trouble there is is confined to that section of the trade doing business with the South, whence remittances are stopped.

There is some difficulty in the open market with regard to the discount of business paper. Good short dated paper is taken at 12@15 ₱ cent.; long dates 18 ₱ cent.; and second class ditto, 2@3 ₱ cent. per month.

Great discrimination is used in selecting paper; and none passes which is connected with the Southern dry-goods houses.

The foreign exchange market favors remitters, but does not draw buyers at the extreme low rates prevalent. Bills on London and Paris are abundant, and far in excess of the demand. The present low rates insure a supply from Europe, but it is feared that many produce bills will be returned, and the next few weeks are expected to bring them back, or else calls of reclamation for overdrafts. Bankers' 60-day sterling bills are 103½@105, and sight bills 106½@107. Bills on Paris 5.35@5.50, for 60 days' usance. The difficulty in realizing credits on Europe continues, because they do not inspire full confidence. This has therefore checked exports both of cotton and Western produce. Cotton has fallen 2¼c. from the highest point, and wheat and flour have seriously declined in price, bringing down many houses, including several large ones, like Jesse Hoyt & Sons, who have been unable to realize their receipts of produce, to pay their falling due liabilities. Extensions are very common on the Corn Exchange, and are the rule more than the exception. The crowd of produce pressing the market is such as to paralyze the trade with a decrease of the demand for export which has been thus suddenly cut off. Wherever practicable, produce is withdrawn, and held over for better times; but, in the meanwhile, the credit of the dealer is prostrated.

The domestic exchanges are unsettled, and unfavorable to remittances. Gold is going South and West! The wanton suspension of so many of the banks—from Philadelphia southward—has increased the difficulties of trade.

There is a general contraction of business in every way. Orders and payments are alike suspended or postponed indefinitely, and hundreds of laborers thrown out of employment, who are thus thrown on their own small savings, or on the general charity fund of feeling in the community.

Importations are greater this week, but mostly go into bond. Our importers are in a safe condition—having little to pay. They had sold their notes received for the sales very generally before the troubles commenced.

The Treasury is in a troubled state, and the Secretary has suddenly resigned, leaving the interest nearly due on the public debt unprovided for. Congress has yet to provide the means, which will probably be an authorized new issue of Treasury notes, but at 7 per cent. The members of Congress find difficulty in getting their pay, and many of them are reduced to an actual state of beggary in consequence. The Treasurer has outrun the constable, and could do nothing better than resign. In this ignominious manner terminates the administration of the Treasury by Howell Cobb of Georgia.

Banks of England and France.

The drain of gold by the Bank of France on the Bank of England has been temporarily stopped by an exchange of ten million dollars of specie for the like value in gold sent by the latter to the former; the Bank of France having a surplus of silver and the Bank of England having none.

The Bank of France has sustained during sixteen months a drain of forty-five million dollars of gold. The Bank was apprehensive of inconvenience from the fact that its stock of bullion was mainly silver, which being worth in the market more than its intrinsic denomination in coin, every one would rush to draw it out, as soon as it became known that the Bank was obliged to pay it away, and then the danger of an entire exhaustion of specie would have been imminent.

This arrangement effected, the money markets of London and Paris became easier, and settled; but an easy money market cannot obtain this winter in London, as the importations of grain and cotton are on too large a scale to admit such a result; and in the spring a war is expected in Italy, about Venetia, unless this province be obtained by purchase from Austria.

Meanwhile we are expecting in Wall street, with anxiety, the rebound of the London market consequent on our own depression, and we may expect some advices of the first sensation some time this week.

Stock Market.

The prices of stocks have declined considerably during the week. The Message of the President increased the heaviness considerably; it being felt that the Government was without a head competent to the difficulty and importance of the position. The Federal securities declined considerably below par, though a half-year's interest was nearly due. Southern state stocks suffered considerably from a large amount having been liberated from banking uses. There is no speculative or investment demand, and considerable pressure to sell, far beyond what the demand for settlement of maturing contracts can take; consequently prices press heavily down.

Dry Goods.

Comparative Statement of the Imports of Foreign Dry Goods at the port of New York for the week and since Jan. 1st:

For the week.	1858.	1859.	1860.
Entered at the port.....	$480,101	$487,045	$999,917
Thrown on market.....	500,779	533,134	529,770
Since Jan. 1st.			
Entered at the port.....	86,151,120	104,882,763	$7,187,286
Thrown on market.....	83,098,384	104,112,875	95,330,559

Business is at a comparative stand still; and even orders for domestic spring goods are restricted or suspended, as well as orders for importation. The supply of goods will therefore be small at the opening of trade, whatever the demand. Production and importation are being alike checked. Remittances continue to be impeded by the state of the exchanges, and but very few collections are made from the Southern states. Though no new orders are being given of large extent, yet many orders are standing for future delivery, which keep the factories employed; and before these orders are delivered, it is hoped the aspect of trade will improve. The calico-printers, however, have already resolved generally only to work part time—some one half the usual period, others one-third, and four or five have suspended working altogether, and a few—about six or seven only—are continuing to work full time.

Printing-cloths are inactive, but there is a moderate demand for Prints to make assortments from the near-by and Western trade. The city jobbers are buyers, and some to a considerable extent, so that the home trade is not that dead sort of thing which some folks want to make it appear. In Cotton goods there is a disposition to moderate the manufacture, yet spinners are availing themselves of the low price of the raw material to prepare for future business. Sales are light of all kinds of staple goods, and they are accumulating on the market. Heavy Sheetings having been sold largely in advance, and deliveries not being yet completed, are comparatively in light stock, and at pretty steady prices. Bleached goods are inactive. Drills too are dull, yet there is a fair export demand for the West Indies and South America, much in advance of the corresponding period of last year. Domestic Woolens are less active; and the clothing houses are buying scarcely anything, as they are not making up goods for the South to any extent. A great accumulation of material generally used for Southern clothing is taking place. The manufacturers (with few exceptions) of fancy Cassimeres have a greed to run on short time. Goods suitable for Eastern and Western consumption are mostly being produced. Light descriptions of fancy Cassimeres are mostly wanted. The stock of all kinds is accumulating. Delaines are selling very sluggishly, and are accumulating. The trade in Shawls is over for the season. Foreign goods are inactive. In Silks this is especially the case; the orders being limited to a few blacks and the most staple kinds, for which there is always some inquiry. There is some small movement in Linens and Lawns. Hosiery meets a fair demand. The importations since the 1st January are ten millions less than last year, for the like period, so that our troubles are not from overimportation. The prospect is that they will be light in the first half of next year.

LATEST NEWS.

The steamer Europa, with European dates to the 2d inst., inclusive, passed Cape Race Tuesday morning. Her news is one week later than our last advices. The political intelligence is unimportant. Italian affairs were unchanged. The garrison of Gaeta had made a sortie, and were repulsed with great loss. The condition of American finances had impelled a movement hitherward of specie, and the Europa brings a large amount. Large shipments were also expected to be made by the Atlantic, to sail on the 5th. Breadstuffs dull and slightly lower. Consols 93 ⅛@93 ¼ for money and account.

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THE LOST ONE FOUND.

SIGNS OF LIFE

BY REV. STEPHEN H. TYNG, D.D.

In the crisis I have described, we have a two-fold message to deliver to our wandering youth: "Is yourself no room for hope, in God no ground for despair." In the famine which has arisen around him, he may either reverse this message or adopt it. He may close his eyes to danger and his ears to warning, and resolve to abide by all the consequences of his past choice, and run the risk of its possible ruin—hoping in himself, despairing in God;—or he may see and acknowledge the destruction which he has brought upon himself, feel the bitterness of his present state, and listen to the message which announces to him from heaven that his only safety is in a despair of himself, and a hope in God. The latter is the choice which we are to contemplate. In this "mighty famine" of earth to a sinful and self-destroyed soul, we have the new fact related of the lost one there, "he began to be in want." It is the first gleam of hope, the earliest sign of spiritual life, the dawn of the promise of recovery.

How we cling to such a sign of hope—the moving of the pulse, the sensitiveness of the eye, the attempted respiration of the man whom we feared was departed from life for ever. In an instant we grasp the full result. Our anticipations arrange at once a complete restoration. We look forward with confidence and delight to the happiness we shall realize when the whole work of recovery has been accomplished. "We are saved by hope." This is the full suggestion of the expression here—"He began to be in want." It is first the endurance of an outward grief. His means of indulgence have failed; his days of hilarity have passed; and of all that he had to gratify before, nothing remains. A sudden and actual stop has come to his pleasures in the world either because the means of obtaining them have failed in poverty, or the ability to enjoy them has sunk in weariness or disease. At any rate, the day have come in which he says, "I have no pleasure in them." The streams have dried, and the springs of his enjoyments have ceased; of all that he had gathered he has nothing remaining to prolong his delight. There is a famine everywhere around him now, and he has no shelter from its abiding pressure upon himself. He "looks unto the earth and beholds trouble and darkness, and dimness of anguish." It is a new state—an unexpected one to him. But it is a real one, a result attained, and he cannot deny or disguise it.

He begins to be in want. His acute sufferings from immediate infliction pass to an inward, silent reflection upon himself. His sudden sorrow produces, in some degree, a real conviction of his sin. He awakes to the thought which is to enlarge and impress itself even more widely and deeply in his mind, that his trouble has not been from the world in which he has lived as a man, but from his abuse of the world as a sinful man. I suppose the case will hardly be found in which this connection between outward suffering and inward sin will not avow and vindicate itself. The widow of Sarepta uttered this ever-abiding witness for God in the human soul, when she cried to Elijah, "Art thou come to call my sin to remembrance, and to slay my son?" Thus the young man finds a new sorrow, that he has hardly met before. His grief passes to a second, and a most encouraging stage. His disappointment in mere outward things gives birth to a new dissatisfaction with himself. And much as in his complaints of his fellow-men he has thought the outward world astray and defective before, he now begins to see and feel that the real difficulty is in himself. There is a deficiency within which is to be supplied, a hollowness, a self-abhorrence and contempt, which will not depart, and will not be soothed. The outward world reveals its famine, and the inward heart proclaims its consciousness of the failure, and its own distress discovered by it.

You may trace this experience in a hundred varieties of illustrations. The youth returns home from his chosen course of folly. He sits alone to think. He surveys the past. He has tried every shape of gratification. He has "been in almost all evil in the midst of the assembly" of sinful wanderers like himself. And the whole memory of it is repulsive and disgusting. He is sad. He knows himself to be guilty. He feels himself in want. He has tried everything. He has spent everything—and he has gained nothing. He can hardly tell the reason of his new sorrow, nor analyze minutely the elements which compose it. But the want he feels is notwithstanding real and immovable. It is not the desire for a new shape of earthly joy or sensual delight. He is disposed to regard these all with equal dissatisfaction. He would be delivered from their whole dominion if he could find the way. The companions of his madness and sensuality cannot delight him longer. He has another want—a deeper want—which, mysterious as it is to him, nothing of earth has power to supply.

This sense of want may be often treated as a mere depression or gloom. Injudicious advisers may propose some other scene or relationship of earthly folly as a specific for its cure. Nay, even professed guides for souls may lead the burdened spirit to attempts to forget and bury the sorrow, rather than to the healing balm which the love of God has provided in his Son. But there is no supply for sorrow like this to be found on earth. To such an one the world is now in a state of famine completely. It can offer nothing, say nothing, promise nothing, that shall be a real source of relief. It is not in midnight gayety or revel to fill the heart again. The sadness abides, increases still. The flutter and the frolic may be exciting, diverting for a moment. But it passes away; it cannot continue; and it leaves the soul sadder than it was before. There is hardly a more distressing sight on earth than these hopeless wrecks which the storms and wearings of worldly pleasure have left upon the shore. It is not in any other form of earth—in the most sober of its occupations, or in the most noisy of its riots—to fill up the deficiency of the soul of which we speak. Something must be found and done for it, entirely beyond the reach or the wisdom of the world. And however little the man may comprehend its meaning or its origin—and however long its endurance may ask in vain an adequate and appropriate supply, the want itself indicates its own nature and relations, by an unabating refusal to be comforted with any provisions which this sinful world may make.

This is a new want, and another kind of want, than any which the wanderer has known before. He has had unceasing appetites and desires in his previous history, which have found in their earthly objects the satisfaction for which they craved. But he now "begins to be in want," in another shape, and another phase and plane of being. An aspect of his character and of his susceptibility is opened to him now, which he never knew before. And it remains before him. It is no transitory desire or longing. It is now a state. He is "in want." This one word indicates his whole condition. Within there is nothing. Without there is nothing. A starving mariner adrift upon the sea is not more hopeless, or more driven from prospect of supply. Sin, the consciousness of sin—the conviction and sense of personal sinfulness, is now arising, reviving in his soul, and the sinner dies. There is but one provision in the universe to meet it, and of that the man knows nothing yet. His present condition is unalleviated wretchedness, as far as he discerns, and as deeply as he feels the power of the truth.

The Father's house has been left and despised. A wasteful life has consumed his substance. His real and best Friend has been refused and driven away. The Comforter who would have relieved his soul, appears afar off. God has been sacrificed and blasphemed; cast away for a miserable portion of earthly gain; and the world, which has been sought in his stead, can do nothing in the crisis which has now arrived. The condition is fearful. Its continuance unrelieved may produce an absolute unsettlement of mind. But the fearfulness is in its reality; in the truth of the convictions and views which are now arising in the mind. It is a new power which is manifesting itself now. This sense of want—this continued dissatisfaction with earth, however indefinite it may be, is the awakening power of the Holy Spirit. And it is, therefore, the first SIGN OF LIFE. It fills us with hope and encouragement as we contemplate it. This young man's weariness and tears are a more precious sight to us than all his accumulated joys could ever be.

Art thou "in want," young man? Hast thou become wearied with self-indulgence and earthly gratifications? Is thine heart sick in thine hours of solitude? Is the memory of thy life painful and forbidding? Blessed art thou! This is knowledge which flesh and blood have not imparted, but the Spirit of thy Father which is in heaven. It is in truth the dayspring from on high visiting thy dark soul with light, that it may minister peace in the result. There has been no sign so hopeful in thy whole career. Cherish this feeling as a heavenly visitant. And be content and thankful, that thou wast not left unawakened and destroyed in the world which thou hast abused. And now let us follow out together the plans of recovery and supply, both false and true, which may be suggested to thee here. S. H. T.

ETHNOLOGICAL FALLACIES.

BY CHARLES L. BRACE.

THE question of *Race* has become a vital one to the American people in one shape or another, and it is hardly strange that so many absurdities are continually uttered about it. A great want of scientific accuracy has been shown by many writers upon it, and very naturally people in general have caught up their assertions without the least examination. When men like Gliddon and Nott write costly and elaborate works on Ethnology, whose main object, apparently, is to fasten the fetters of the slave, and when such eminent *savans* as Agassiz contribute their articles to them, we cannot wonder that all whose *interest* it is, repeat their arguments and their mistakes, until they become almost axioms to a certain class of minds.

It is a shame that now all through Europe American science in Ethnology has become identical with perverted argument for the oppression of the negro, and an American's conclusions upon the black races are as certain *à priori*, as would be a Brahmin on the origin or rights of his caste in India. The shadow of our national sin has fallen even on the domain of our Science, and obscured its noble features to the world. Of course, the only method for Philosophy is to divorce the whole subject from *sympathy*, whether for Slavery or Freedom, and stand on the solid basis of facts and inductive reasoning. Much of the popular misconception and ignorance on the subject might be removed, if our teachers only included the study of Races among their higher school-branches. It is a marvel that a thoughtful people like the American should be so far inferior to the European in their method of study of one great subject—that of History.

We force our young scholars through thicket after thicket, and swamp after swamp, of dry entangled facts, without connection or link, until the young mind comes forth, as one might come from the Cave of Kentucky, utterly blinded and mazed—and we call this—*studying History!* It is simply studying a Labyrinth. There needs some guiding thread for any mind to investigate History properly—either the connections of Commerce or of Literature or of Religion, or some other disentangling clew.

The best of all, we believe, to commence with, in order to trace History through succeeding ages, is the link of *Race*. History cannot be studied rightly except as a History of Races. And yet what book is there among our College or Academy studies which treats of this subject in a compact shape? We have, indeed, PRICHARD, but this is hardly adapted for study, is too long and elaborate for this purpose, and on some branches does not keep up with modern investigations. Pickering seems to me too unsound and fanciful. Latham is too minute and disconnected, as well as so excessively conceited. Gliddon and Nott are simply odious. What we want in American Education is a clear, succinct, simple "Manual of Ethnology."

But to our popular fallacies in this science. One of the most common—which we would rather call a scientific fallacy, as it pervades the whole science—is the term "*Caucasian*." It originated from a misconception, as if certain races came forth from the Caucasus; and it is applied in the most indiscriminate and blundering manner. If botanists, for instance, should call all plants with yellow flowers *Australian*, because there happened to be some in Australia which had this peculiarity, the term would be nearly as scientific. It describes races the most diverse in almost every respect, whom no linguistic scholar could ever think of classing together. And the very Caucasian races—the Circassians and Georgians—from whom the name arose, are really more remote from the European "Caucasian" races, than they are from most other peoples of Asia, who are classed as non-Caucasian.

We bespeak, then, for an entire dropping of the word *Caucasian* as a scientific term.

Another more important fallacy, and one repeated *ad nauseam* by our pro-slavery papers, is that *no two very different races can live together, side by side, without the more powerful destroying the weak.* Or, as some Southern writers have expressed it, that there "is a mysterious law of Providense which always annihilates the weaker race."

There is no mystery in the matter. A barbarous race, in contact with a civilized, is very apt to acquire its appetites for stimulants, without the self-control of the more powerful race to govern them. There is no "mystery" in the destruction to savage tribes occasioned by alcohol, opium, and tobacco. Then, again, the diseases of civilization rage among savages, without their possessing the skill to prevent or cure them. So the habits of a house-dwelling people are not suited at once to an outdoor and uncivilized people, and the first effects, if they be adopted, may be injurious. Thus it is said that the Sandwich Islanders never took cold until they began to wear clothes! Something too must be considered in the mere effect upon the spirits of a barbarous race of the constant sight of a more skilful and powerful; for melancholy may be as much a cause as small-pox of the diminution of a race.

But with all this, it does not necessarily follow that the more civilized race annihilates or absorbs the more barbarous.

Sometimes the two live side by side for centuries, as the Tamulian blacks in India by the Aryan Brahmins, or the Finns and Laps by the Scandinavians in Sweden and Norway, or the descendants of the Goths among the Moors and Berbers of North Africa, or the Basques among the Spaniards, or innumerable other instances which might be given the world over, where two races the most diverse have dwelt side by side for unknown ages.

Sometimes the savage race has the advantage—as in the Asiatic islands, the Malays have absorbed and degraded the Portuguese; and in South America the Spaniards are being melted into the mixed and Indian races. So in Egypt, the degraded native Egyptians gain the victory over their Turkish masters, or European invaders, merely from the fact probably of a longer habit of climate. There is no "mystery" about it, and no fixed law of extermination or advantage to either race, but the final result depends on a vast number of local circumstances. Here in this country, for instance, in a course of centuries, the black race would probably gain the advantage in the hot and miasmatic districts of the South; while it would disappear in all the districts north of New York—climate being the determining cause. Again, in Pennsylvania or Virginia, supposing all oppression removed, there is nothing, so far as we can see, to prevent the two races dwelling side by side (undoubtedly the weaker and more ignorant employed in some way by the stronger and more cultivated) for an indefinite number of centuries.

Let us all remember that races are not permanent things in the Past; that the strong were once the weak, the cultured the ignorant, the civilized the barbarous, and that they are not probably destined to be permanent in a distant Future, and that there is nothing in Providence or nature to prevent the weak from standing by or leaning upon the strong.

C. L. B.

DOMINIQUE.

A SLAVE-WIFE'S LAMENT.

BY CHARLES A. BARRY.

I.

In dangling chains, and branded like a beast,
Beneath the Auction flag my faithful stands.
The planters flock like vultures to a feast,
Up from the strongholds of their weedy lands.
The Sun breaks grandly through the crimson East,
To kiss fair Earth,—to equal her demands;—
Methinks if I should see him kiss my King
With lips of fire to melt him in his gyves,
The wound of loss by such a stroke would bring
Not half the pain of this,—which constant thrives
Upon his dreadful doom. And I must swing
Me clear of any hope for him! The knives
And whips, the swamps, and ever savage hounds,
Will soon divide us! In the narrow groove
Of ceaseless labor on the Cotton grounds
His life will run: O Lord, thy power prove!
Bid Freedom fill the world with trumpet sounds,
And from all lands this monstrous curse remove!

II.

Behold!—The Slave no kindly look enlists,
(As well expect from Pagan image—alms!)
They love to see their shackles on his wrists,
To mock and curse him, when he should have balms;
To shake before his eyes their tightened fists,
And spend their malice on him with their palms;—
The purple lines across his blistered back,
Show how they worked to tame him, ere he went
Down in the dust to meet the bloody rack
That opened there. The subtle devils spent
The night about him—heard his strong bones crack,
Shrieking delighted o'er the swoon that meant
A crusht heart, and the poor soul's subjection;
Then flung him hither, to be starved and sold.—
Weight of a difference in man's complexion
Against the Idol of this planet—Gold!

III.

No more for him the breath of piny woods,
For him no more the peace of twilight hours,
His laugh will fill no more in joyful moods
Our trysting place half buried in the flowers.
His song break nevermore the solitudes
Of sleeping valleys, or of forest bowers;—
His flesh will creep for any child who dares
To swing the taskmaster's whip, with loud alarms,
His hopes will petrify to grim despairs,
And all his days be measured into harms;
And death will be the ending of his prayers,
And I shall lose the circle of his arms!
Those tender arms, that oft have folded me
With warm caresses up to loving lips,
Whose slightest touch cured all my misery,
And drew my spirit into sweet eclipse.

IV.

Farewell, my patient noble Dominique!
God send some liberal hand to thy distress,
Some conquering priest of Mercy, who can speak
Down hellish crimes, and raise up righteousness,
And, fearing not annihilation, seek
Assurance for our future happiness,
And build a temple out of contrite hearts
For these, my people. Then will Angels make
A song to reach Heaven's highest, furthest parts,
A song of sacred music, that shall break
Harmonious on the earth. The awful arts
Of Slavery abolished, men will wake
To find addition to their statures, and
Enlargement of their souls,—and the amount
Of other crimes decreased. The Promised Land
Will brighten to their vision, and the fount
Be full for baptism, and the black child stand
Beside the white to share his gifts, and count
The blossoms in her golden hair.

V.

I speak
In prophecies, for God is greatest still:—
"Lo! Light breaks over Ramah, Dominique."
I hear the coming tempest of his Will:
I hear the lion's roar, the eagle's shriek,—
You "Lords of Hell," who persecute and kill,
Shall surely feel his vengeance. He will smite
This jeweled Moloch where he stands, and cast
His altars down! Wrong shall give way to Right,
And Faith, and Hope, and Charity, at last
Go hand in hand among us. Egypt's Night
Shall spread her blackest clouds upon the past,
And shapes of Wrath be jailers to our woe!
O weary ones, on bended knees go down,
In God's best time victorious arms will grow,
In God's best time from village and from town
Our force will rise, and like a torrent flow
Against this damnéd sin, dislodge and drown
These fiends of whip and call. O Liberty!
The one eternal cry of strong and weak!
Heaven speed us Liberty!!

VI.

Again to thee
I turn my weeping eyes, poor Dominique,
And call to mind that day, when joyfully
My passionate lips first toucht thy brow and cheek,
What time I trembled so beneath thy praise,
And lost my speech, and felt my womanhood
Surge over all my youth:—O happy days
Of ripest love! O days of greatest good!
My widowed heart, in deepest anguish, lays
This gift of tears, in speechless gratitude,
Upon your tomb: ye gave the only hours
Of joy I ever knew,—struck down my fate,
Furnished me wings to float above the powers
That drive and beat us with remorseless hate!

VII.

Farewell, Beloved! Still feed this love of ours,
I go—put all thy trust in God—and wait.

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by J. S. Richards, in the Clerk's Office of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

THE PRESIDENT-ELECT.

[Extract of a Letter from a near neighbor and friend of Mr. Lincoln.]

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Nov. 13, 1860.

IN this state, all is right—only Republicans have room to improve. The state, for once in the Presidential election, has gone fairly for freedom. The state officers and legislature are likewise Republican. This insures a new apportionment, by which Democracy will lose immensely. Then, we hope for a registry law to aid in keeping out fraudulent votes. Mr. Lincoln is entirely calm. I was with him in his room an hour yesterday. He was interested just then in the returns (so far as received) from Missouri. The state has probably gone for Bell, though the returns up to this time show a small majority for Douglas. There is a stream of visitors at Mr. Lincoln's room from all parts, and for all conceivable reasons. While I was with him, an elderly and very good-looking lady came in to take the hand of the coming President, and to remind him that twenty-five years ago he ate a meal at her house, and when she apologized for not having a better dinner for him, he replied, "Madam, it is good enough for the President." Just as she was telling her story, two tall sandy-haired young men entered, who were strangers. As soon as the old lady had finished her story, one of them came toward Mr. Lincoln and said, "Mr. Lincoln, how *tall* are you?" "Six feet four inches," was his reply. "Well," said the Sucker, "they say I am just as tall as you." "Just stand up beside this wall," said Mr. Lincoln. He did so, and then Mr. Lincoln stood in the same place, and proved to be of the same hight exactly. The two Suckers then turned and went away. I give these only as specimens of the singular and often trifling things which occur at his room daily. There is a constant stream coming and going, from every part of the land. One day, several weeks ago, two country boys came along the dark passage that leads to his room. One of them looked in at the door and then called to his fellow behind, saying, "Come on—he is here." The boys entered and he spoke to them, and immediately one of them said that it was reported in their neighborhood that he (Mr. Lincoln) had been poisoned, and their father had sent them to see if the report was true. "And," says the boy, with all earnestness, "dad says you must look out and eat nothing only what your old woman cooks: and mother says so too." Don't understand me that the incidents I have related are to be taken as fair samples of what takes place there. These are the dust set in motion by the running of the train.

By the way, what a position that old functionary, James Buchanan, holds just now! God is giving him one more chance to show himself a man. Between this and the 4th of next March is pre-eminently to him a "day of visitation." If his voice is heard distinctly against the fanaticism and madness of the Slave-Power, he will gather to himself one laurel—also, I fear, the only one gathered from his official life. But he has lost so many opportunities, that we have little to hope from him in this the eleventh hour of his Presidential life. A little fidelity to the real truth now in his hands, will deliver him from the dreadful liability. It was when it was settled that Solomon was to be King of Israel, the Lord came and offered his special favor and submitted it all to his choice. So, though not in the same form, God comes to Lincoln now, saying, "Ask what I shall give thee?" And so, too, very soon he will give an answer, and all the land will see it in his acts. People who pray *have been* praying for the election of Lincoln. This is now granted, and we have reason to fear the arm of prayer will be let down. But now is "the hour and power of darkness." The results of this mighty struggle are to show themselves in the actual administration of the affairs of this nation. Every effort will be made, and the most subtle and powerful forces that have been gathering strength through long years will be employed, to divert and defeat the real purpose of the election. No wisdom less than that which offered itself to Solomon, will be sufficient for the management of our affairs—and never so much as for the next six months. It is to be hoped Mr. Lincoln and all the real friends of freedom will at least have the wisdom to take counsel of *faith* and not of *fear*, in the critical hour. Courage and not timidity is what we now need. Courage, not in ourselves but in God. Courage to say in an actual administration what has just been uttered so emphatically at the polls. And the men and women who love their country, who love freedom and hate oppression and wrong, will not cease to pray that God will give to Mr. Lincoln and to all his advisers that light and wisdom which come not from the carnal policy of demagogues and so-called statesmen, but come from the old truths which our fathers loved, and which are the foundation on which all our real greatness rests—in a word, the wisdom of God, "which he gives liberally to all who ask him." It was God whose wisdom guided our fathers; and the reason why our sun has shown so many signs, that it might "go down at noon," is because we have thought ourselves wise enough to go on in our national life without "the cloud and the fire" that guided and led our fathers. The Lord help us to return—and to do it now, when the door is open, and his voice is heard saying to our hosts, "Go forward."

A TRIP TO LA BREDE.

THE BIRTH-PLACE AND HOME OF MONTESQUIEU.

BY JOHN BIGELOW.

WHILE at Bordeaux, in the course of my journeyings through the south of France, it occurred to me that I was in the neighborhood of La Brede, the birth-place and home of Montesquieu. I was curious to see a place associated with so much that is memorable in the history of letters, and, in spite of a pouring rain,—for it was the rainy season when I was there, and we had from ten to a dozen showers daily,—I was soon in a carriage and on my way to the chateau. My ride lay mostly through a flat and sandy region, half drowned by the continuous rains, and thinly inhabited. An occasional country seat might be seen from the carriage window, but for many generations this country had evidently offered few attractions to gentlemen in quest of rural homes. After about two hours' driving over a good road, we approached the castle through a spacious lawn, studded generously with trees of indefinite antiquity. The lawn and trees, indeed, constituted its chief external attraction, for it stands on no elevation, and commands a very limited view beyond.

The edifice, which stood before me in all its gloomy, medieval grandeur, is hexagonal and turreted. It was built, as I subsequently ascertained, to serve as a fortified castle in the time of Charles VII., and during the last half of the XVth century, since when it has undergone no structural changes which in the least affect its appearance. It then belonged to the family of Lalande, whose last heir married one of the ancesters of Montesquieu, of which more anon. It was one of the very few fortified castles which escaped the leveling hand of Richelieu, the country about here being in the possession of the Protestants at the time when the great Cardinal was occupied in destroying these nurseries of rebellion—so he regarded them—in other parts of France. To enter the building I was obliged to cross a drawbridge, which traversed a moat filled with a stream of running water, that completely surrounded the castle like a canal, the walls of the castle descending into its water on one side, and a cut stone wall bounding it on the other. This moat, almost the only one that I remember to have seen in Europe with water in it, varied in width at different points, from fifty to a hundred feet.

After crossing this stream I passed under a portcullis, over which the following lines, intended perhaps for poetry, were inscribed:

> Berceau de Montesquieu sejour dignes d'envie,
> Ou d'un talent sublime il deposa les fruits
> Lieux si beaux, par le temps vous serez tous 'detruits;
> Le temps ne pourra rien sur son Divin génie.

Passing through a short and narrow covered way, assisting, like all the other arrangements, to obstruct the approach of unwelcome visitors, I reached what appeared to be the entrance to the edifice, and asked the footman who answered my summons if I could visit the chateau. On receiving an affirmative answer, I asked if the place was occupied at present. He said it was, by Mr. Montesquieu. This was an agreeable surprise, for I had not dreamed of finding any of the name still residing here, not knowing, indeed, that any of the family still survived. I handed the footman my card to take to the proprietor of the castle, and, during his absence, occupied myself in surveying the ante-chamber or reception-hall to which I was invited. It was about eighteen feet square, dimly lighted by a small window; its ceiling was supported by six corkscrew-shaped black columns, and along the walls on the floor stood five enormously large chests or trunks, one of richly carved wood, the others plain and covered with dark leather. On one of the latter I read the figures 1642 marked by nails driven into one end, and showing that the trunk was at least forty years old when the author of *L'Esprit des Lois* was born.

Before my curiosity was entirely satisfied, a bright-looking and well-bred young gentleman, eighteen or twenty years of age, entered, said he would be most happy to show me anything in the castle I cared to see, and at once led me into the grand salon or parlor. I soon learned from him that he was the son of M. Montesquieu, the proprietor, and the great-grandson of the only daughter of the distinguished Baron; the proprietor, his father, being the great-grandson of the Baron himself. The apartment into which we entered was furnished with curiously carved rich old furniture, all nearly or quite as old as the castle to all appearances, except a few articles of modern refinement, such as musical instruments, work-tables, etc., of a fabric unknown to the ladies of the XVIth century, and betokening the daily ministrations of the gentler sex.

The walls were decorated with a number of old family pictures, together with one of Louis XIV., and another of Henry IV., in the service of whose mother, Jeanne D'Albret, Jean de Secondat, her *maitre d'hotel*, received this De Brede property, or, rather, 10,000 livres to buy it with, *en recompense de sa probité et de ses services*. Henry IV. erected La Brede into a barony in favor of Jacob, the son of this Jean Secondat, who was the king's gentleman of the bedchamber at the time. His son, Jean Gaston de Secondat, married the daughter of the first President of the Parliament of Bordeaux, by whom he had several children; one of whom entered the service, and distinguished himself. This was the father of Charles de Secondat, *Baron de la Brede et de Montesquieu*, and author of "The Spirit of Laws," who was born at La Brede, on the 18th January, 1689, and who has made the name immortal. The apartment was but dimly lighted by a single small window, which occupied the extremity of an embrasure several feet deep. To show the strength of the fortress I was shown into a closet communicating with this apartment, which had been hollowed out of the wall in comparatively recent times. It was large enough to permit several people to stand in it comfortably. Notwithstanding this deduction, the wall was still over six feet thick.

My obliging guide then led me into the bedchamber and study of his distinguished ancestor, which adjoined the rooms I have been describing. It was in this room the Baron did all his writing and most of his thinking as well as sleeping; and with due respect for its hallowed associations, everything was left as little changed as the lapse of time would permit. The bed, bed-curtains, window-curtains, or what was left of them, tables, even to the ink-stands, were all as when he occupied the apartment for the last time. The coverlet was more or less torn, as were the bed and window-curtains, and had been patched here and there to save them from destruction. M. Montesquieu, pointing to these Vandalic tokens of devotion to his ancestor's memory, observed, "That was the work of English and French visitors." He was polite enough not to include Americans—with justice, probably, for I had never heard of an American visiting the chateau before. These depredations reminded me of what I had seen in Voltaire's sleeping-room at Ferney. The bed-curtains, originally three or four yards long, had been clipped off by travelers until there were only about eighteen inches in depth of them left.

The floor, of stone and hexagonal brick, was not carpeted or covered in any way.

The Baron's writing-table was as plain as it could be, his ink-stand was a tin box, some eight or ten inches long, and about two inches deep, divided into three compartments, the two outside ones having covers which open and shut, and the middle one having no cover. It, as well as the tables, was literally covered with ink-stains thrown from the pen when writing. These traces of his work seemed to bring the philosopher before me more distinctly than anything else that I saw. He had had those very drops upon his pen, and I had no difficulty in figuring his posture and appearance at his work, especially with the aid of what is said to be a perfect likeness of him, in bronze relief, hanging from the wall, enlarged I believe from a medallion worked when he was in England. There was also a half-size full-length bust of him in this apartment, but the bronze figure has been most extensively copied, and is no doubt the most perfect likeness.* On the walls of this room I was shown a portrait of Montesquieu's daughter, afterwards Madame de Secondat, and the grandmother of the present proprietor. She had evidently been a very stylish and attractive woman. She assisted her father as an amanuensis after his sight failed him, when the man who served in that capacity was no longer equal to the work alone. She also read to him daily, and to read for the author of the "Spirit of Laws" was not the most gracious employment, we may imagine, for a young lady, though she is reported to have waded through the dreary pages of Beaumanoir and Joinville with filial cheerfulness, diverting herself as she went along by jestingly repeating words in the text that most amused her. She married her cousin, Jean de Secondat of Agen, for the purpose—I need not disguise it, for no one in France would consider it an insufficient motive for contracting an alliance—of preserving the estate in the family in case her brother, the Baron's only son, who had been married many years, should continue childless.

This room was warmed by an open fire-place, one of the jams of which attracted my attention. The stone was scarped out as if by constant rubbing, some two inches at the deepest point, while the abrasion extended up and down for a distance of about eighteen inches. I asked my companion what this meant. "The Baron," he replied, "was accustomed to sit in that corner with his feet resting against the jam, and meditate." That was his thinking place, and he wore away the stone, as I saw it, with his feet while sitting there. I remarked that I felt flattered to find what I had supposed was an exclusively American habit, had such high authority for its indulgence. It was not until I learned that all Montesquieu's books were written in this room, and most of his literary life was spent here, that I could realize the possibility of his leaving with his feet, such a peculiar and permanent memorial of his thoughtful habits.

Connecting with the apartment was another small chamber, which was occupied by his secretary, while another door led, by a very dark, tortuous, and narrow passage, down into a little cachot or dungeon, into which M. Montesquieu, after lighting a candle, was kind enough to introduce me. It lay right under the Baron's study. The door and passage down was barely two feet wide. Water, three or four inches deep, flowing in from the moat, covered the floor, and the roof was arched so as to form a hexagon, the shape, also, of the cachot, which received a little light through a very small window. This dungeon—for such was its original destination without doubt—was about eight feet broad at the widest, and not more. It has been reported that it was in this prison that Montesquieu meditated the chapter in his "Spirit of Laws" on "the Liberty of the Subject," but that, of course, is nonsense.

M. Montesquieu now took me up to the library, which was on the second floor. Here I found a large room some fifty feet broad by about one hundred and twenty feet in length, lighted by a single and rather small window at one end, and heated with an enormous fire-place, certainly not less than twelve feet in length, at the other. When I cast my eyes around this dark expanse, walled up on either side by books, I had no difficulty in understanding why Montesquieu lost his sight so early.† I could not see to read either in this or in the other rooms which I had yet visited, except near the window, of which neither had more

Family Reading.

ESTHER.

A STORY FOR THE CHILDREN.

BY JULIA GILL.

In the days when our Lord Jesus Christ lived in this world, wearing the form of man, there was in one of the villages of Judea a little girl named Esther. She had been brought up by a good and pious mother, and was a very thoughtful child; and as she heard the Scriptures read, and listened to the old men who talked with her grandfather about the glory of the latter days and the resurrection of the just, she would say to herself,

"How will it be with me when they that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake? I have done so many wrong things—I have not always honored my father and my mother—I am so often selfish and impatient—I am fretful and discontented, and I am not one of the righteous." And day by day she was very sad.

One evening, she heard these old men talking about the wonderful man who was going about healing the sick and raising the dead.

"But the most wonderful of all," said Eliezer, her grandfather's friend, "is, that he has power over evil spirits, and that he forgives sins."

"He forgives sins," exclaimed Esther to herself; "O that I knew where I might find him!" Then, taking her tiny water-jar, she followed her elder sister to the fountain. Thither had already come their cousin Rachel, who saluted them.

"Dost thou know, Martha," said she, "that Jesus of Nazareth has come into our village? He tarrieth at the house of Jonathan. My mother will carry to him to-morrow our little Simon."

"I wish I could go with them!" said Esther eagerly, and then she blushed scarlet, for her sister and cousin turned to her with surprise.

"Thou art neither blind nor lame, cousin Esther," said Rachel.

But Martha, seeing her sister's confusion, bade her come home, saying it was late. "I truly hope, cousin Rachel, that he will be able to open thy brother's eyes," she said, as she took up her water-jar.

When they had left the fountain, Martha said kindly to her sister, "Why do you wish to see Jesus of Nazareth?"

"O my sister," replied Esther, "I wish to have my sins forgiven. I am so unhappy. I fear I shall never have a part in the resurrection of the just that my grandfather and Eliezer talk about." And Esther wept.

"Thou art a strange child. But I will ask our mother what we can do to see him."

Esther thanked her sister—but during the night she scarcely slept. Should she see that great Prophet whom the common people believed to be Messiah? And was it likely, if she did, that he would notice her?

As the morning began to dawn, she fell asleep. She was awakened by her sister, who said, "It is time to rise, if thou wouldst go to the house of Jonathan."

She sprang from her couch, and robed herself hastily. She could scarcely taste the morning meal, and soon set out with her sister and mother. On the way they were joined by Rachel and her mother, who led between them the little blind lad.

There was already a crowd gathering about the house, but a man of the village passed in before them with his demoniac son, from whom the throng shrank somewhat back, and the eager women with the blind boy pressed close behind until they came into an inner room where were Jesus and his disciples. They stood in his very presence; and Esther felt her whole heart go out to him in unutterable love, as she looked on his face, so full of kingly majesty yet so overflowing with infinite love and compassion.

He fixed his eyes on the demoniac, who began now to be fearfully convulsed, foaming at the mouth and gnashing his teeth.

"Thou unclean spirit, come out of him!" said the Master.

The young man fell to the floor like one dead, but Jesus taking him by the hand lifted him up,—living, rejoicing, a new being; for all his life long he had been tormented and distressed. The young man and his father drew back, and Simon stood before the Lord. He put his hand upon the eyes of the boy, and instantly he looked up with a new smile on his countenance, and after one long look at Jesus, turned to the group behind him, and catching his mother's hand he drew his own over her features to be sure he knew her, and his whole face dimpled with delight. But Esther could not look away from the great and wonderful Healer.

A young mother brought up her babe, flushed with fever and moaning with pain,—her tears choked her words as she offered it to his touch. He looked graciously on her: he laid his hand on the baby's head, and it opened its heavy eyes and looked about, joyous and wondering, as though just roused from sleep to consciousness; it saw its mother's face of glad surprise, and smiled and sprang up in her arms, and caressed her in its pretty baby ways.

Other mothers were looking on, with their children, rosy in health, joyful in the fullness of life, but they pressed up to his feet—

"O that thou wouldst lay thy hands on *our* children, and leave the virtue of thy touch upon them."

Then the disciples said, "Trouble not the Master needlessly." But Jesus rebuked them, and bade the little children come to him, and he took them up in his arms and blessed them.

"O happy children!" thought Esther, "to rest in his arms and lean on his bosom!" And she, too, pressed forward and knelt before him with her head bowed almost to his feet. The prayer was in her heart, "O that my sins might be *forgiven*!" but the words died from her lips without sound.

She felt the gentle touch of his dear hand upon her head—she heard him say:

"Damsel, be it unto thee even as thou wilt!" She believed his words. She had seen his power and his goodness. She knew that he was able—she felt that he was willing to forgive her sins. She believed his words. And ever after, among the household or in the night-watches, alone in the garden or with the maidens by the fountain, she was as though she had drunk of the water of life, and felt it for ever springing up within her. She had obtained forgiveness of sin; and now should she not most carefully guard her lips, and keep her hands and feet, and watch her life, doing whatever her hands found to do with smooth unruffled brow, in cheerfulness and content, as the birds work and the lilies grow?

If she was surprised into ill-humor or impatience, she was grieved, and instantly prayed, "Hide thy face from my sins and blot out all mine iniquities. Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me. Restore unto me thy salvation, and uphold me by thy free spirit."

And she believed that Jehovah, who manifested himself between the cherubim, heard her, and answered her.

"Have I any pleasure at all that the wicked die?" saith the Lord God, "and not that *he should return from his way* and live? I will forgive thine iniquity, and thy sin I will remember no more."

As it was in the days when our Lord dwelt among men, wearing flesh, so it is now. In him is life, and the life is the light of men. We have only to ask him in ever so low a whisper; we have only to cast ourselves mentally at his feet, without words, and we may believe that he receives us.

You go to him—some of you, my young friends, who read this little story—you desire he would accept your offering of yourself, but you do not believe he does so, although you hear him saying, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." You are perhaps waiting for some great and marvelous light to shine in on your soul; you will not accept his simple word that he *does* receive you, and so begin at once a life of devotion to him.

It is in *your* souls that he cannot do many mighty works because of unbelief.

THE LOST INHERITANCE.

An Instructive Story.

The train from Paris to Lyons stopped at the station of Joigny, a town upon the route, and, after leaving a few passengers, again went on. The station, for a moment crowded with railway-porters and lookers-on, was soon deserted by all but two individuals. One of them was an old man, dressed in the garb of a well-to-do farmer; the other a youth of about five-and-twenty, who seemed to be waiting for some one to come and meet him. To this person the old man presently addressed himself:

"May I presume, sir," said he, "to inquire if you are Clement B.?"

"Yes, my good man," replied the youth, with a haughtiness of manner, "and I have no doubt you are Mr. Martin."

"At your service, sir," replied the other.

"Well, Mr. Martin," continued Clement, in the same tone, "I began to imagine you intended to keep me waiting. That would not have been the best manner in which to have insinuated yourself into my good graces."

The old man, instead of replying, let his head fall upon his breast as if in deep affliction, and conducted the new-comer toward a large, old-fashioned carriage, to which a very rough-looking horse was harnessed.

"Here is your carriage, sir," said Martin. "If you will be good enough to get in, I will have the honor of conducting you to the Hermitage."

"That my carriage, sir?" cried Clement. "Why, I shall be taken for a traveling peddler."

But a few days before, Mr. Clement B., who now put on so many fine airs, was a simple clerk in a crockery warehouse in Paris, and possessed the reputation of being a quiet, unpretending little fellow. What, then, had brought about this sudden and radical transformation? He had become, since the previous day, a rich man, and it may be well understood that the possessor of an income of twenty thousand francs a year finds it difficult to retain the modest demeanor of a poor clerk. On the previous day, while dusting the large piles of crockery under his charge, a letter arrived for him by the post, conveying to him the startling intelligence that one of his uncles, of whom he had often heard as an eccentric and very wealthy old man, but whom he had never seen, had just died at his residence in Burgundy, leaving his nephew, Clement, sole heir to his estates, to the exclusion of many other heirs.

The letter was from a notary in the Province, who desired him to leave Paris immediately for Joigny, the town near which his uncle had resided, where he would be met by Mr. Martin, an old confidential servant of the deceased, and conducted from the railroad to the "Hermitage," the name which the deceased had given to the estate.

Almost driven out of his senses by such an unexpected stroke of fortune, Clement hastened to obey the notary's directions, and on his arrival at Joigny joined Martin, as we have seen.

On jolted the queer vehicle in which our hero had so contemptuously taken a place, until, after a ride of several miles, the occupants arrived at their destination. Martin offered the honors of the Hermitage to the new proprietor, called all the servants and introduced them to their future master, and then conducted the latter to his own apartments.

"This was the sleeping chamber of your uncle," said Martin, as they entered a large apartment furnished in old-fashioned style. "It was in this room that he died ten days ago."

But the nephew, instead of evincing any emotion upon being shown the chamber of his benefactor, threw upon all around him a look of scorn, and cried: "Upon my word, I can't say I think much of the old boy's taste! I never saw anything so very ugly in all my life."

"Notwithstanding, sir," replied Martin, "it is the best we have here; and, if you cannot content yourself, I really don't know where you will find other lodgings."

"I live here!" exclaimed the young man. "You do not imagine I am such a donkey, I hope! For us young fellows, do you see, Paris is the only place; so I shall sell this old crazy rookery at once, and then be off."

"Sell the Hermitage!" exclaimed Martin; "your uncle's favorite place of residence? Impossible! And we servants, who hoped to end our days under this roof, what is to become of us?"

"Mr. Martin," retorted the young man, "let us have none of your complaints, I beg. Get me some dinner, and afterwards you will drive me to the notary's."

After having eaten a hearty meal, notwithstanding he found the meats insipid and the wines sour, the legatee, still accompanied by Martin, re-entered the carriage, and the two started off.

"If I am not mistaken," observed Mr. Clement, after an hour's ride, "we passed this spot this morning; and that," pointing to a building, "is the railroad station. Do we take the train there?"

"You alone will do so," responded his companion, speaking very gravely, and in a manner which caused the young man to tremble in spite of himself. "I, sir, am your uncle, and happily I am not dead! Having heard good accounts of your conduct, I had resolved to make you heir of all I possess; but, before doing so, I wished to ascertain if you were really deserving of my generosity, and I had recourse to stratagem, which has thoroughly exposed your true character to me. Good-by, Mr. Clement; return to your business, and remember that your arrogance and ingratitude have lost you that which will never again be placed within your reach."—*London Family Herald.*

APPECTION.

There is in life no blessing like affection;
It soothes, it hallows, elevates, subdues,
And bringeth down to earth its native heaven;
It sits beside the cradle patient hours,
Whose sole contentment is to watch and love;
It bendeth o'er the death-bed, and conceals
Its own despair with words of faith and hope.
Life hath naught else that may supply its place;
Void is ambition, cold is vanity,
And wealth an empty glitter, without love.
—*Miss Landor.*

VISITING THE PRISONER.

"Where is thy brother?" He is in jail. It is even so: our brother is in jail. "I was in prison, and ye came unto me." What we do for a prisoner, and for Christ's sake, we do for him.

Let us go up to the grated lattice and talk to one. Here is one. How sad! How wilted—how broken down he is! "How came you in this place, my friend?" "O sir! I am ashamed. I am guilty. I pleaded guilty in the court. I would not excuse myself. I have broken God's law. Ah, sir! I stole." "How could you do so wicked a thing?" "I know, I know it was too bad. I was deranged,—I was mad." "Ah! it was drink, then, that did the mischief?" "No, no; I drink no strong drink." "How was it, then?" "I will tell you. I have had very little work this summer, though I have asked and watched for it from morning till night. I have a sickly wife and four young children. If it had been only myself, I could have starved and died happy; but to look at my feeble wife and my dear little fellows,—God pity them!—my children, looking so imploringly to me for food, sir, it went to my heart. At last, thank God! I found a job of work, three days, for a dollar a day. The prospect made us forget our suffering; and the night before I was going to work, we enjoyed talking of how we would spend my earning. First, we said, we must pay our debts. The first day will pay our rent. The next day and a half will pay our grocer's bill. Then we will be out of debt—independent. There will be half a dollar left, and we will have a feast—some bread and milk, a little tea and sugar for poor mother, and a fresh supply—a small one—of potatoes. The dear children were merry, and were ready to go to bed supperless. But what, I asked, shall we do for food till I have done the work and get my pay? As I was thinking how, my wife—dear, good soul!—said, 'William, there is the ten cent piece which that kind lady gave me to buy me a strengthening-plaster. I can do without it three days; buy some potatoes with that.' It was all arranged. The next morning, bright and early, with two cold potatoes for breakfast, I went off to my work, whistling on the way. I was too ill fed to work comfortably; but my employer said I worked well." "But William, if that is your name, I do not see that this has anything to do with your stealing." "No," said he, "not this; but I'll tell you. I finished my work, and went around to get my pay. My employer was just getting into his carriage with some ladies. I asked him for my money. He said, 'Come in the morning.' I said, 'I have nothing to eat in the house.' 'Get trusted at the grocer's for to-night, or borrow the money; we shall be late at the opera.' And the carriage rolled off. He knows not what it is to be a poor man. I felt wickedly. I was exhausted. I trembled. I was overworked and underfed. I thought of my poor wife and dear children, waiting and expecting me with joy. I could not, would not disappoint such dear ones. I was enraged. My grocer would trust me no more, and I knew no one to borrow of. My head seemed on fire. I was mad. As I rushed on, there stood at a grocer's door the bread and milk which my little ones were longing for. I seized a small can of milk and two loaves, and hurried on. A policeman saw me and arrested me. I do not blame him. He was right, and I, for the first time, was a thief. I was locked up, and the next morning I was sent here by the police court. What I have suffered since I cannot tell, nor you imagine. I got the officer to collect the money for me, and give it to my wife; but he promised not to tell her of the theft. Will you now, sir, see her, and make it as easy for the poor, feeble soul as you can? But do not let the pure, dear children know that their father is a thief." "I will," I answered, "see your wife, tell her as kindly as I can, and will see that she and the children are taken care of. And as for you, you have sinned badly; yet you have been

'More sinned against than sinning.'

I will see if there is any relief for you." It is well that this sufferer was not tempted to pray God to curse his selfish employer. Sinful as it would have been, God would have heard it. "A prayer out of an oppressed man's mouth reacheth to the throne of God," Eccles. xxi. 5.—*Dr. E. M. P. Wells.*

GROWING IN GRACE.

This did not once so trouble me,
That better I could not love Thee;
But now I feel and know,
That only when we love, we find
How far our hearts remain behind
The love they should bestow.

While we had little care to call
On Thee, and scarcely prayed at all,
We seemed enough to pray;
But now we only think with shame,
How seldom to Thy glorious name
Our lips their offerings pay.

And when we gave yet slighter heed
Unto our brother's suffering need,
Our heart reproached us then
Not half so much as now, that we
With such a careless eye can see
The woes and wants of men.

In doing is this knowledge won,
To see what yet remains undone;
With this our pride repress,
And give us grace, a growing store,
That day by day we may be more,
And may esteem it less.
—*Richard Chenevix Trench.*

A FEW FACTS ABOUT CELEBRATED MEN.

Some literary men make good men of business. According to Pope, the principal object of Shakespeare in cultivating literature was to secure an honest independence. He succeeded so well in the accomplishment of this purpose, that, at a comparatively early age, he had realized a sufficient competency to enable him to retire to his native town of Stratford-upon-Avon. Chaucer was in early life a soldier, and afterwards a commissioner of customs and inspector of woods and crown lands. Spenser was secretary to the Lord Deputy of Ireland, and is said to have been shrewd and sagacious in the management of affairs. Milton was secretary to the Council of State during the Commonwealth, and gave abundant evidence of his energy and usefulness in that office. Sir Isaac Newton was a most efficient Master of the Mint. Wordsworth was a distributor of stamps, and Sir Walter Scott a clerk to the Court of Sessions—both uniting a genius for poetry with punctual and practical habits as men of business. Ricardo was no less distinguished as a sagacious banker than a lucid expounder of the principles of political economy. Grote, the most profound historian of Greece, is also a London banker. John Stuart Mill, not surpassed by any living thinker in profoundness of speculation, lately retired from the examiner's department in the East India Company, with the admiration of his colleagues for the rare ability with which he had conducted the business of the department. Alexander Murray, the distinguished linguist, learned to write by scribbling his letters on an old wool card with the end of a burnt heather-stem. Professor Moore, when a young man, being too poor to purchase Newton's "Principia," borrowed the book, and copied the whole of it with his own hand. William Cobbett made himself master of English grammar when he was a private soldier on the pay of sixpence a day. The edge of his berth, or that of his guard bed, was his seat to study in; a bit of board lying on his lap was his writing-table; and the evening light of the fire his substitute for candle or oil. Even advanced age, in many interesting cases, has not proved fatal to literary success. Sir Henry Spelman was between fifty and sixty when he began the study of science. Franklin was fifty before he fully engaged in the researches in natural philosophy which have made his name immortal. Boccaccio was thirty-five when he entered upon his literary career; and Alfieri was forty-six when he commenced the study of Greek. Dr. Arnold learned German at forty, for the sake of reading Niebuhr in the original. James Watt, at about the same age, while working at his trade of an instrument-maker in Glasgow, made himself acquainted with French, German, and Italian, in order to peruse the valuable works in those languages on mechanical philosophy. Handel was forty-eight before he published any of his great works. Nor are the examples of rare occurrence in which apparently natural defects, in early life, have been overcome by a subsequent devotion to knowledge. Sir Isaac Newton, when at school, stood at the bottom of the lowermost form but one. Barrow, the great English divine and mathematician, when a boy at the Charterhouse school, was notorious for his idleness and indifference to study. Adam Clark, in his boyhood, was proclaimed by his father to be a grievous dunce. Even Dean Swift made a disastrous failure at the university. Sheridan was presented by his mother to a tutor as an incorrigible dunce. Walter Scott was a dull boy at his lessons, and while a student at Edinburgh University received his sentence from Professor Dalzell, the celebrated Greek scholar, that "dunce he was, and dunce he would remain." Chatterton was returned on his mother's hands, as "a fool, of whom nothing could be made." Wellington never gave any indications of talent until he was brought into the field of practical effort, and was described by his strong-minded mother, who thought him little better than an idiot, as fit only to be "thought for powder."

JAPANESE LITTLE-FOLKS.

During more than half a year's residence in Japan, I have never seen a quarrel among young or old. I have never seen a blow struck, scarcely an angry face. I have seen the children at their sports, flying their kites on the hills, and no amount of their intertangled strings or kites lodged in the trees provoked angry words of impatience. I have seen them intent on their games of jackstones and marbles under the shaded gateways of the temples; but have never seen an approach to a quarrel among them. They are taught implicit obedience to their parents, but I have never seen one of them chastised. Respect and reverence to the aged is universal. A crying child is a rarity seldom heard or seen. We have nothing to teach them in this respect out of our abundant civilization. I speak what I know of the little folks of Japan, for more than any other foreigner have I been among them.

Of all that Japan holds, there is nothing I like half so well as the happy children. I shall always remember their sloe-black eyes and ruddy brown faces with pleasure. I have played battledore with the little maidens in the street, and flown kites in the fields with as happy a set of boys as one could wish to see. They have been my guides in my rambles, shown me where all the streams and the ponds were, where the flowers lay hid in the thicket, where the berries were ripening on the hills; they have brought me shells from the ocean and blossoms from the field, presenting them with all the modesty and a less bashful grace than a young American boy would do. We have hunted the fox-holes together, and we looked for the green and golden ducks among the sedge. They have laughed at my broken Japanese and taught me better; and for a happy, good-natured set of children, I will turn out my little Japanese friends against the world. God bless the boys and girls of Niphon!

SUNDAY SHOES.

Strange that all kinds of leather are too poor to go to church in on a wet Sunday. What is the matter with all our tanners that shoes cannot be made which are proof against Sunday mud and wet? Multitudes of people run around all the week in ordinary leather, and no harm comes to them. But if the pavement be the least wet of a Sunday morning, they are certain that they shall get their feet soaking wet, and they might as well order their coffins at once as to go out in such shoes as they have. What is the mystery that makes leather which is so impenetrable all the other days of the week, not much better than brown paper on Sunday morning? Who will make his fortune by providing the vast army of stay-at-homes with a patent improved church-going shoe, warranted water-proof on Sundays?

Anecdote of Gen. Scott.—*The Century* reports that during nullification times, Gen. Scott was at Fort Moultrie with a command of eight hundred men, and a full complement of officers. With a view to allay some natural anxiety in his own mind as to the fidelity of his officers, he sent for a Judge of the United States Court, and addressed him in their hearing, as follows:

"Judge, I have long ago taken my oath of allegiance to the United States Government, but it occurs to me that in this extraordinary emergency I will do it again. There is no impropriety in it—and, gentlemen," said he, turning to his officers, "it will not hurt any of us."

The oath was then administered to every officer present; and the occasion was manifestly felt to be one of unusual solemnity.

Our Correspondence.

THE GROWTH OF ITALIAN ART.

A RARE COLLECTION OF OLD PICTURES.

BY JAMES JACKSON JARVES.

[At the "Institute of Fine Arts" in this city, there is now on exhibition a collection of oil-paintings by the earlier and later Italian painters, illustrating the progress of Art from the first grotesque and whimsical productions of the XIIIth century to the grand works of the great masters of the XVth. This exceedingly interesting collection was made, at great pains and expense, by Mr. James Jackson Jarves, well-known as an author of several works on Art. The following account of these singular pictures was prepared for these columns by Mr. Jarves, at our request.—Eds. Independent.]

To the Editors of The Independent:

Dear Sirs: I presume that none of my countrymen having an instinctive love of Art visit Europe, without a desire to see established in their own country galleries similar to those which prove so instructive and attractive to them abroad. At all events, such was my case, stimulated further by the fact that it would be almost useless to publish in America an account of the origin and progress of Italian Painting, as illustrated by the local schools and old masters,—a work at which I was engaged,—unless Americans had an opportunity of studying at home specimens of the works of the artists themselves. Having begun, several years ago, the critical and historical researches necessary for a volume of this character, with the design of embracing in it such information on Art as would be most likely to interest those who cannot refer to the original sources of information, I determined also to see what could be done toward getting together a collection of the paintings of the old masters, covering the ground of my inquiries, namely, from the dawn of the medieval schools of Italy in the XIIIth century to their culmination in the XVIth. My object was to trace step by step the progress of painting, through not only its technical changes, but to elucidate the governing motives of the artists themselves; so that we could see at a glance both what they *felt* and what they did. Without a proper understanding of the particular inspiration of each epoch of art, it is impossible correctly to appreciate it. Hence the value, historically and esthetically, of tracing through successive generations of artists their faith and feelings as shown in their compositions, and in their execution the varied difficulties with which, in the infancy of science, they had to contend.

It was useless to think of securing any of those great works on which the reputations of the best painters depend. They are fixtures, mostly large compositions in fresco in the localities for which they were made; while most others, with historical genealogies, have long since been gathered into the public museums of Europe. And, for the credit of the "old masters," it should always be borne in mind that easel pictures no more represent their fullness of power, than a sonnet does the genius of Shakespeare, Dante, or Milton. Their minds were poured forth in *great* works—great in extent as well as in idea; and their title of "master" comes from such productions. Easel paintings, however, afford an opportunity to study their technical methods and their general character of thought. All that it was possible for me to propose to do, was to secure a series of specimens which should give an average idea of the qualities of the "old masters," linking one with another, in their laborious and earnest progress toward the maturity of their skill and knowledge. My scope embraced also an illustration of the topics which the desire of their age called for, whether historical, religious, classical, or naturalistic. So that, some works were procured rather to show the character of the feeling or thought of the period than on account of their artistic worth.

To the prosecution of this idea I have devoted my time and means for several years, chiefly in Italy, assisted by sympathizing artistic friends and the generous feeling of the Italians themselves, who were happy in believing that their art, as it was in its best estate, might contribute to the esthetic instruction of a new world, discovered by one of their countrymen. The "Descriptive Catalogue" which accompanies my collection, contains documents and papers relative to its history, showing the estimation in which it is held by European judges, besides a special chronological description of each picture. Some of the most important pictures, such as the massive altar-pieces by Fra Bartolomeo, Ghirlandajo, Bronzino, Credi, Palmezzano, and easel pictures by Vasari and the artists of his time, a fresco by Andrea del Sarto, and a very remarkable triptych of the school of Giotto, as well as other paintings of the Pre-Raphaelites, are still in Europe, to be added, however, as soon as a permanent locality is found for the collection. My own conclusions in regard to Italian painting, and the lofty motives which underlie it, will shortly appear in an illustrated work called Art-Studies. I cannot within the compass of a mere letter condense the results of eight years' study in this field. Still, as you think it might be useful to call attention to some special points, I will name what seems to me the essential characteristics of the collection.

First, it shows the dominant Catholic dogmas, traditions, and religious feeling, in a series of ascetic, ecstatic, or theological paintings, beginning as early as the Xth century, in the rudest condition of Byzantine and Latin art—two distinct schools, be it remembered; the one founded in the old idealistic Greek element, and the other in the realistic Etruscan—and continuing to the XVIth century, when religious feeling was utterly absorbed in the naturalistic, pseudo-classical, or academical styles. The best paintings of a purely religious character, in which sentiment, color, and design are most thoroughly spiritualized, are those of San di Pietro, Giottino, Giotto, Orgagna, and No. 40, the Assumption of the Virgin. No. 37 is a monumental altar-piece, grand and imposing, showing the general character of this sort of paintings. Simone Martini, No. 36, is admirably represented, displaying a naturalistic vigor and ease in his group of animals almost unique for his time. It should be remembered in looking at these pictures that we are almost in the "dark ages," so called—some five to six centuries gone by—and we ought, so far as we can, to recall the spirit of those times. These old painters painted from a point of view peculiar to their age, to say nothing of their technical ignorance. What is now the alphabet of art, the rules of perspective, foreshortening, chiaroscuro, which every school-boy can learn as readily as his multiplication table, they were ignorant of, or slowly working out as great problems. They felt their way onward by laborious processes. And yet it will be remarked that this old work is all *conscientiously* done. The "old masters" were earnest painstakers, not sparing labor of hand or head to arrive at their standard of perfection. They used the best colors, prepared with great care by their own hands; and further, as will be shown in "Art-Studies," they worked from a lofty religious idea, not so much to glorify either art or themselves, as to teach exalted truths to the people, in a symbolic or mystic sense. Hence it is that technically they seem to have remained stationary for several centuries. Unfortunately the most spiritual of them all, Fra Angelico, is not adequately represented here. And it is doubtful if America ever possesses a perfect representation of him.

Toward the beginning of the XVth century, we find the dawn of a new method of design, foreshadowing perspective and scientific progress; the beginning of lanscape and historical art, in the series of "casone" by Ucello, Dello, Gentile da Fabriano, and Piero della Francesca. Many of these belonged to bridal chests, which were in general richly adorned by the best sculptors, painters, and workers in metal and wood of their epoch. A fine perfect specimen of these rich chests would attract much curiosity here, and should be added to the collection.

The beginnings of scientific progress, observable in these paintings, are particularly to be remarked by Masaccio, who was for his period what Leonardo da Vinci was for his: the great representative artist of naturalistic truth. It is needless for me to trace here the series of men which connect these two great artists. In the catalogue their distinguishing traits will be found noticed. Luca Signorelli is to be seen in a very fine work, the Adoration of the Magi, in which his grandeur, wealth, and harmony of composition are forcibly rendered. Pollajuolo, in a rare and valuable painting, exhibits the progress made by the artist, who was the first to dissect human bodies to obtain a knowledge of anatomy. Precision, sharpness, strength, acutely defined muscles, and strong movement, are his characteristics. In the Florentine masters of the XVth century, we find a series of men who mainly devoted themselves to strength of design, individual character, and naturalness of composition; no idealization, yet much harmony of grouping and general lines. Bazzi, the rival of Raphael, is one of the strongest of these men, though a Sienese by adoption.

There is much to be learned in this collection of the language of Color. In the earliest masters, who painted in tempera, it is used chiefly in a symbolical sense. These pictures do not darken, and need only careful keeping to preserve, for an indefinite period, their clear, bright, positive, ungraduated hues, so full of light. This manner of painting is a *past* art, and, for its intent, it was most effective.

Oil-painting in Italy began, probably, with Gentile da Fabriano, (see his Virgin, No. 60,) the father of the Venetian school of color. In him we find the germs of a wholly different system from the preceding; one which seeks its strength in depth, transparency, luminousness, gradation of tints, and warmth of tone; qualities which we find to culminate in the Flemish school in the Rubens; in the Spanish, in the silvery-toned Murillo and the Titianesque strength of Velasquez, painted under Italian influences in his early manner in Italy, in the golden warmth of Giorgione, the grand magnificence of Bellini, the deep solemnity of Paul Veronese in his Crucifixion at the time of the eclipse, the richness of Perugino, and the academic fullness of Domenichino. It is interesting to note the different methods by which these masters sought to attain common effects; the treatment of each demanding a distinct treatise by itself. The secret of their power is their *sparse use of white.* Leonardo truly said, it should be used in painting as if it were a paste of gems—to be employed only, and most sparingly, in emphatic points and highest lights. In none of these paintings is there, as we see in many modern, any positive white. Their lightest quality appears almost a half-tint when placed beside pure white. Hence, other treatment being equal, their harmony of tone, reserved strength, blending of outline into distance, force of projection of the figures, and, particularly in the Giorgione, distant, rich, aerial effect. I can only note general points for those interested to base their observations upon. But I believe, for color, these paintings may be useful to our young artists, who do not have an opportunity to study at the fountain-heads of old art. The sensuists in color of the later Florentines are represented by Andrea del Sarto—imperfectly, however—and the purists by the clear-toned Credi, in two small paintings in his best manner.

Of old fresco work there is but one specimen—a portrait by Ghirlandajo—interesting to artists, though not likely to attract the general spectator.

The most valuable painting, scientifically, and as a rarity, and for its wonderful internal light, force of chiaro-oscuro, sculpturesque modeling of the child's head, and intensity of expression, is the Leonardo. Had not other parts become opaque in the shadows by the deepening of the ground-preparations of color, the entire picture would have equal force. The "Descriptive Catalogue" contains a full account of this important painting, which has been esteemed in Europe at 100,000 francs.

For general interest, few will attract more than the youthful effort, of Raphael, No. 95, which so well foreshadows the fine sentiment, grace, and elevated expression of his more mature works. Li Spagna, beneath him, approaches Raphael in the character of his heads. He is an artist but little known, but ranks next to Raphael among Perugino's pupils.

The schools specially represented in this collection are the Florentine, Sienese, and Umbrione; the Venetian and Lombard only partially, while there are a few examples of the Flemish, German, and Spanish.

I have thus far made this collection at my own risk and expense, hoping, as Americans become acquainted with my project, which embraces an illustration in the same manner of all the great schools down to our own times, substituting better specimens for inferior, as they can be procured, and in every possible way seeking to add to the value of the collection, that it might be made the basis of a public gallery in one of our chief cities. At present it is exhibited simply to test its appreciation, and to obtain means for its increase. Should there be any disposition to second me in this work, I shall be prepared to show how it can be effectively carried out, and a respectable public gallery formed upon the system thus initiated. Nothing but the hope that ultimately my small beginning may lead to the great consummation which all who love art fervently desire, has sustained me through the labor and difficulties attending what has already been done. In conclusion, pray excuse this frequent reference to myself; but in no other way can I reply to the questions which many others besides yourself have put to me. In all frankness believe me,

Faithfully yours,
James Jackson Jarves.

AMERICAN CONGREGATIONAL UNION.

Receipts during September, 1860.

From Maine:			
	A Friend, Portland		$2 00
" Vermont:			
	Congregational church, Coventry		8 00
" Massachusetts:			
	Congregational church and society, Granby	$11 15	
	Nathan Moseman, Chicopee, Life-Mem.	25 00	
	E. and E. Langwood	2 00	
	Congregational church, Southboro'	21 32	
	" Somerville	72 10	
	Rev. D. A. Strong, South Deerfield	1 00	
	A Lady, Bedford	50	
			143 07
" Connecticut:			
	T. C. Learned, New London, to constitute Rev. Thos. P. Field Life-Mem.	25 00	
	Waterbury	1 00	
	E. L. B., Waterbury	1 00	
	Cong'l church and society, Ansonia	20 00	
	A Friend, Plainville	5 00	
	Cong'l church and society, Washington	22 00	
	Dea. Henry P. Haven, New London	150 00	
	Congregational church, Wolcottville	7 50	
	A Friend, Cornwall	1 00	
			242 50
" New York:			
	A. P. Belcher, Berkshire	5 00	
	Walter Biggar, Andes	10 00	
	Congregational church, Canandaigua	86 03	
	Albany	10 00	
			111 03
" Ohio:			
	Edson Allen, Toledo	2 00	
	Congregational church, Delpre	18 00	
			20 00
" Illinois:			
	Joseph Blanchard, Toulon	5 00	
	Cong'l church, Abingdon	3 18	
			8 18
" New Jersey:			
	Wm. Edwards, Paterson		1 00
" Pennsylvania:			
	Wm. Hasty, Jr., Hollidaysburg		5 00
" Iowa:			
	Congregational church, Sabula		3 00
" Wisconsin:			
	Congregational church, Hudson		10 00
" A Friend		1 00	
" C. W. L.		1 00	
			2 00
			$555 87

N. A. CALKINS, Treasurer,
No. 125 Grand street, N. Y.

Receipts during November, 1860.

From Maine—			
	Windham		$2 00
From New Hampshire—			
	Congl. church, Haverhill		10 00
From Vermont—			
	"Lent to the Lord," Benson		2 00
From Massachusetts—			
	A Lady, Worcester	2 00	
	Miss Elizabeth Eaton, Boston	10 00	
	A Lady, Cambridgeport	5 00	
	N. K. W., South Boston	25 00	
	Mr. Low, Gloucester	1 00	
	Elliot church, Newton Corner	175 55	
	Congl. church, Monson	20 72	
	" " Sheffield	13 00	
	" " South Danvers	38 54	
			293 81
From Connecticut—			
	R. J. Allen, Woodbury	5 00	
	Congl. church, Middlebury	5 68	
	Dr. Joseph Eldridge, Norfolk	50 00	
	Congl. church and society, Granby	10 50	
	E. C., New Haven	2 00	
	Chapel-st. Congl. church, New Haven	200 00	
	Congl. church, Collinsville	90 00	
			363 18
From New York—			
	Broadway Tabernacle church, N. Y.	224 07	
	H. D. C., McGrawville	2 00	
	"A Reformed Dutchman," New York	1 00	
	A Friend, Perry Center	1 00	
	New England Congl. church, Williamsburg	34 80	
	A Friend, Harlem	25 00	
	First Congl. church, Albany	51 18	
			339 14
From Ohio—			
	Rev. L. W. Brintnall, Whittlesey		1 00
From Michigan—			
	Olivet		1 00
From Indiana—			
	E. E. Johnson, Evansville		5 00
From Illinois—			
	Congl. church, Farmington	8 00	
	" Hamar	6 00	
	Rev. Charles Granger, Paxton	1 00	
			15 00
From Iowa—			
	Congl. church, Wolf Creek	9 00	
	Rev. Wm. Windsor, Mitchell	2 00	
			11 00
From Minnesota—			
	Plymouth church, St. Paul		10 00
			$1,044 13

N. A. CALKINS, Treasurer,
No. 125 Grand st., New York.

It is encouraging to know that there are any who appreciate our toil and are willing to do what they can to lighten our burdens. There are times when kind looks and sympathizing words have great value, if these, especially, are all that can be given. The work which the Trustees of the American Congregational Union have undertaken, must have something more substantial, of course, or it will never be accomplished. Feeble churches, struggling against fearful odds to rear humble sanctuaries, will be discouraged, will disband, and leave an open field to all manner of iniquity; missionaries will sicken of fruitless labors for the good of communities in which they cannot secure this first essential facility for building up a congregation and establishing, upon a permanent basis, a church of Christ; the little ray of moral light, kindled under the bushel, will be hidden and extinguished under the bushel, and darkness will brood over neighborhoods and entire towns, if not over entire counties, unless something more than good wishes are furnished to our overappropriated treasury. Still, it is comforting to receive *words* of good cheer, and to know that prayer is offered by those who can do but little more than pray that this cause, which is so evidently of the Lord, should go forward. Some of the letters recently received by the Corresponding Secretary, inclosing small contributions, prove that this work finds a response in the bosom of some at least with whom the treasures of this world are not. One of very recent date is as follows:

"I have read your appeal for aid for the poor churches of the West. I send you my small contribution, wishing it were many times larger. But as I am now scraping together all I can to enable me to proceed to the Seminary next year, I feel I must set bounds to my liberality. My all is devoted to my God—body, soul, and spirit—all I have, and I am to be used by him according to his good pleasure; and it is no diversion of the means he has placed at my disposal to hand a fraction to you. The mighty West is, as far as I can at present see, to be the scene of my labors for the Savior whom I love and serve, and it is with eager gaze I look forward to the time when, laying aside the avocations of the children of the world, I shall use all my time and labor in the direct work of saving souls. May God bless and keep you, and prosper you in your efforts to build up the kingdom of Christ in this highly favored land."

Another, of nearly the same date, says:

"I have just read a communication of yours in *The Independent*, and something